

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
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*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London. Vol.
lxix. for the Year 1779. Part I. L. Davis.
[Continued from page 78.]*

We have already given a very copious account of a petrification found in Scotland, with several remarks on the making artificial stone—an art which we trust will soon be brought to great perfection.—We shall now, for the benefit of our medical readers, extract a very extraordinary case where the head of the Os Humeri was sawn off without destroying the motion of the limb.

We have great hopes that this operation will lead to considerable improvements in surgery, and be the happy means of rendering amputations less frequent.

"A case in which the head of the Os Humeri was sawn off, and yet the motion of the limb preserved. By Mr. Daniel Orred, of Chester, surgeon. Communicated by Thomas Percival, M. D. F. R. S. and A. S. and Member of the Royal Society of Physicians at Paris.

"Read Oct. 12, 1778.

Manchester, Sept. 20, 1778"

"S I R,

"A very eminent surgeon at Chester has desired me to transmit the inclosed case to the Royal Society, and I hope it will be deemed worthy of publication. It not only affords a confirmation of an important fact inserted in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. LIX. art vi. ; but shews also that the surgical improvement proposed in that article by my ingenious friend Mr. Charles White, may be extended to operations on other parts of the human body.

I am, &c.

THO. PERCIVAL.

"A friend of mine, an ingenious surgeon, settled at Tarporley, in this county, sent for me about the middle of last month to see a patient of his, a gentleman's servant in that neighbourhood.

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hood. This was a man of about forty years of age, who had much injured a good constitution by hard drinking before the following accident happened to him.

“ From an injury received more than three years before the time I saw him, by a fall from the top of a ladder, I found a supuration had taken place in the shoulder joint. The matter had made its way through three small openings; one in the *axilla*, directly opposite to the cavity of the joint; the other two lower than the strong tendons of the pectoral muscle, and betwixt the *deltoides* and *biceps* muscles. Upon introducing a probe into the joint by the upper orifice, I found the head of the *os humeri* exceedingly carious. A few weeks before I saw him, a collection of matter had formed upon his foot, I suppose from an absorption and translocation from the shoulder. Upon letting out the matter with a lancet, I found the metatarsal bones also very carious: with these shocking complaints no wonder he was much enfeebled and reduced. As the disease in his shoulder would evidently soon have put a period to his life without immediate relief, I proposed to him, either to amputate the arm at the diseased joint, or, with a view of making it of some use to him, endeavour to saw off the head of the affected bone only. As the least of two evils he chose the last; though this indeed is a most painful, hazardous operation. We are indebted to Mr. White, of Manchester, for the mode of this operation, as well as for many other valuable hints and discoveries in surgery. In order to allow the arm as much action as possible after the operation, I began my incision a little above the joint, and continued it in a right line directly through the middle of the fleshy portions of the *deltoides*, and a little lower than its insertion: then elevating the arm to relax the muscle, an assistant with both hands distended the upper part of the opening made by the incision, whilst, with a narrow knife, I endeavoured, by the direction of the fore-finger of the left hand, carefully to divide the capsular ligament. This was effected with very great difficulty, as from preceding inflammation it was much thickened, and adhered closely to the joint: and till it was separated nearly round (for the under, and most dangerous part to cut through, was corroded with matter) I found my utmost efforts to throw the head of the bone out of its socket quite ineffectual. After a sufficient separation I made the dislocation, by pressing the elbow to the body with one hand, and with the other pulling the head of the *humerus* directly towards me. After guarding the great artery against the action of the saw, by introducing a piece of paste-board under the bone, I separated it across, as Mr. White directs, as low down as I possibly could to prevent an exfoliation. The loss of blood was very trifling. After dressing the wound very superficially, I took particular care that the artery was not pressed upon by the bandages; and advised, when the inflammation subsided, and a good digestion came on, that his arm should always be dressed when the body was erect, and suspended a little from it, with the fore arm a little bent: this was accordingly done. In a few

few days after the operation, he got up, and continued to sit up the day through ever after. He had a cold infusion of the Peruvian bark with the weak spirit of vitriol ordered him. In consequence of his very reduced habit of body, his shoulder was long in curing. A small exfoliation took place. The cure, I fancy, was also much retarded by the diseased foot, which still continued very bad; the man being so exceedingly terrified by the former operation, that he would not suffer us to do any thing to any purpose to it.

"I saw him about three months after the accident. The wound was nearly cicatrized; but the ossification was not so far advanced as I expected it would have been, the *callus* being much smaller than the lower part of the *humerus*, and bending with the weight of the arm. However, he could raise it from his body more than could be well supposed, and had the perfect flexure and use of his fore arm. This case, with all the disagreeable circumstances attending it, strongly proves the utility of the above operation. By a similar operation diseases of other joints may be as easily cured."

The following is a remarkable dropfical case:

"*Account of an extraordinary Dropfical Case. By Mr. John Lambert, in a Letter to Mr. Warner, F. R. S.*

"To Mr. Warner.

"Read Dec. 17, 1778.

"S I R,

Dartford, Oct. 28, 1778.

"When I last had the pleasure of seeing you, it was your opinion, that the Royal Society would receive some satisfaction in my giving some account of the case of Miss A. M. who died lately of a dropfy under my care.

"This patient was of a florid, lively constitution, but from a child was subject to a violent eruption, which came generally on a sudden, covering the whole neck, breast, and often great part of the face; and after remaining a week or two, abated in violence, and went off by degrees. The intervals were uncertain, but for the most part in spring and in autumn she was more apt to have it, though frequently three or four times in the year. Various methods were tried to eradicate this complaint without effect; nor did the appearance of the menses, as we had some reason to hope, in the least turn out in her favour. It will be needless to relate here the various medicines which had been given her with little or no success, except that the most relief she found was from the use of salt water, which was thought to make the intervals the longer in two or three instances, as well as the appearance of the eruption milder. Things continued thus till the autumn 1773, when the menses became obstructed, continuing so for some months, but appeared once more very plentifully; after which they never returned, neither did the eruption, except in the most arising manner. About Christmas 1773, she complained of a weight in

the abdomen, and fulness of the stomach; which symptoms were relieved by some gentle opening medicines. She then went on a visit to some friends at a distance, after which I saw her no more for two months. I learned, that during that time the complaints had returned more violent, for which she consulted a physician on the spot, but without the relief she found at first; for the abdomen began to increase in size every day, and became painful, the urine high-coloured, and in small quantity, with thirst, and every other symptom of an approaching dropy.

In a narrative of this kind it may be expected, that a detail of the medicines she took during her illness might be noted; but as I chiefly acted in my surgical capacity, and as she was after this time, till the first operation, for the most part in London, under the care of physicians of the first eminence, it is out of my power to give such an account; suffice it then to say, that she was obliged to submit to the operation of the *paracentesis* the 27th of June, 1774. The quantity I then took off was only twelve pints, somewhat fetid, but not very dark coloured, nor was it ever after the least offensive. The operation was repeated in six weeks, when twenty-nine pints were taken off; after that time once in four weeks to the end of the year. During the whole of the year 1775 I tapped her once in a fortnight more or less; and in the year 1776 she for the most part underwent the operation every eight or nine days, the intervals gradually shortening, till by the end of the year she could go no longer than a week between, which continued to the day of her death, which happened May 14, 1778, being then not quite twenty-three years of age. About a week before that time, she was troubled with incessant vomitings, which nothing would relieve; but was better a few hours before her death, and went off pretty easy.

"I have good reason to suppose the complaint originated from a disease of the left ovary, for after the first tapping I felt a substance of the size of a cricket ball; and, as the operations went on, this became more and more manifest, increasing so much as at last to occupy the whole space of the *abdomen* forward, being of a very irregular form, and I am clear of many pounds weight, for she appeared, even after the water had been drawn off, as large as a woman in the last month of pregnancy. It would have added greatly to my satisfaction to have been able to clear up this point in every particular, by opening her after death; but I had the extreme mortification of being denied this necessary circumstance, notwithstanding my most earnest solicitations.

"I must, therefore, content myself with giving this bare recital of facts as above, which will serve to record to futurity, a case which I believe has not its equal in regard to the number of operations. What is remarkable here is, that this young lady had a good appetite for the most part, and was very cheerful; and, except a day before and after each operation, used to visit her friends at several miles distance as she would have done in health.

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and till within the last two or three months could walk a mile or two with tolerable ease.

“ As to the quantity of water taken off, I find it to amount, upon the nearest calculation, to twenty-four pints at each operation; for though the first time produced only twelve pints, and in several of the latter operations the quantity fell short of twenty-four pints, yet I may venture to state it at least at twenty-four pints or three gallons on an average, as in many of the operations I took off from twenty-eight to thirty pints. The number of times I tapped her was in all 155, which brings out in the whole 3720 pints, being 465 gallons, not far short of seven hogheads and an half. As to the authenticity of the whole, your connections with the family, and frequent opportunities of seeing this young lady during her illness, will put it beyond a doubt. I have therefore no more to add, than my wish that the case may prove acceptable to the Society. I am, &c.”

Sermons by Hugh Blair, D. D. one of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, Vol. 2d. 5s. sewed, Cadell.

Dr. Blair has been long considered as the most eloquent, if not the most popular preacher among the Scotch Clergy. He may even be said to be the most popular with one class of the people, and that too the most respectable, though not the most numerous class, the men of letters and education, to whose capacity his sermons seem to be much better adapted than they are to that of the vulgar. Those who have been bred at the University of Edinburgh, and have attended Lady Yexter's Church, which is properly the Church of the College (and of which Dr. Blair was formerly Minister) well remember to have heard most of these sermons preached; and what they have heard with admiration from the pulpit, they may now read with equal profit and pleasure in the closet. The Doctor's chief excellence consists in a strong and lively imagination, which, however, is never suffered to run riot, but is always under the direction and controul of the finest taste, and the most sound and solid judgment. As a specimen, we shall lay before our readers an extract from the beginning of the sixth Sermon, the subject of which is “ The love of Praise.”

“ For they loved the Praise of Men more than the Praise of God.”

John xii. 43.

“ The state of man on earth is manifestly designed for the trial of his virtue. Temptations every where occur; and perpetual vigilance

vigilance and attention are required. There is no passion, or principle of action in his nature, which may not, if left to itself, betray him into some criminal excess. Corruption gains entrance, not only by those passions which are apparently of dangerous tendency, such as covetousness, and love of pleasure; but by means of those also which are seemingly the most fair and innocent, such as the desire of esteem and praise. Of this the text suggests a remarkable instance. When our Lord appeared in the land of Judæa, the purity of his doctrine, and the evidence of his miracles, acquired him a considerable number of followers, chiefly among the lower classes of men. But the Pharisees, who were the leading and fashionable sect, galled with the freedom of his reproofs, decried him as an impostor. Hence it came to pass, that though *some of the rulers believed in him, yet, because of the Pharisees, they did not confess him.* Rulers, persons who, by their rank and education, ought to have been superior to any popular prejudice, were so far overawed by the opinions of others, as to stifle their conviction, to dissemble their faith, and to join with the prevailing party in condemning one whom in their hearts they revered: for which, this reason is given, that *they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God.* Since, then, the love of praise can mislead men into such culpable and dishonest conduct, let us, with some attention, examine the nature of this passion. Let us consider how far it is an allowable principle of action; when it begins to be criminal; and upon what accounts we ought to guard against its acquiring the indurate ascendant.

“We are intended by Providence to be connected with one another in society. Single unassisted individuals could make small advances towards any valuable improvement. By means of society our wants are supplied, and our lives rendered comfortable; our capacities are enlarged, and our virtuous affections called forth into proper exercise. In order to confirm our mutual connection, it was necessary that some attracting power, which had the effect of drawing men together, and strengthening the social ties, should pervade the human system. Nothing could more happily fulfil this purpose, than our being so formed as to desire the esteem, and to delight in the good opinion, of each other. Had such a propensity been wanting, and selfish principles left to occupy its place, society must have proved an unharmonious and discordant state. Instead of mutual attraction, a repulsive power would have prevailed. Among men who had no regard to the approbation of one another, all intercourse would have been jarring and offensive. For the wisest ends, therefore, the desire of praise was made an original and powerful principle in the human breast.

“To a variety of good purposes it is subservient, and on many occasions co-operates with the principle of virtue. It awakens us from sloth, invigorates activity, and stimulates our efforts to excel.

It has given rise to most of the splendid, and to many of the useful enterprizes of men. It has animated the patriot, and fired the hero. Magnanimity, generosity and fortitude are what all mankind admire. Hence such as were actuated by the desire of extensive fame, have been prompted to deeds which either participated of the spirit, or at least, carried the appearance of distinguished virtue. The desire of praise is generally connected with all the finer sensibilities of human nature. It affords a ground on which exhortation, counsel and reproof can work a proper effect. Whereas to be entirely destitute of this passion betokens an ignoble mind, on which no moral impression is easily made. Where there is no desire of praise, there will be also no sense of reproach; and if that be extinguished, one of the principal guards of virtue is removed, and the mind thrown open to many opprobrious pursuits. He whose countenance never glowed with shame, and whose heart never beat at the sound of praise, is not destined for any honourable distinction; is likely to grovel in the sordid quest of gain, or to slumber life away in the indolence of selfish pleasures.

"Abstracted from the sentiments which are connected with the love of praise as a principle of action, the esteem of our fellow-creatures is an object which, on account of the advantages it brings, may be lawfully pursued. It is necessary to our success in every fair and honest undertaking. Not only our private interest, but our public usefulness, depends in a great measure upon it. The sphere of our influence is contracted or enlarged in proportion to the degree in which we enjoy the good opinion of the public. Men listen with an unwilling ear to one whom they do not honour; while a respected character adds weight to example, and authority to counsel. To desire the esteem of others for the sake of its effects is not only allowable, but in many cases is our duty: and to be totally indifferent to praise or censure, is so far from being a virtue, that it is a real defect in character.

"But while the love of praise is admitted to be in so many respects a natural and useful principle of action, we are at the same time to observe that it is entitled to no more than our secondary regard. It has its boundaries set; by transgressing which, it is at once transformed from an innocent into a most dangerous passion. More sacred and venerable principles claim the chief direction of human conduct. All the good effects which we have ascribed to the desire of praise, are produced by it when remaining in a subordinate station. But when passing its natural line, it becomes the ruling spring of conduct; when the regard which we pay to the opinions of men, inroads on that reverence which we owe to the voice of conscience and the sense of duty; the love of praise having then gone out of its proper place, instead of improving, corrupts; and instead of elevating, debases our nature. The proportion which this passion holds to other principles

principles of action is what renders it either innocent or criminal. The crime with which the Jewish rulers are charged in the text, was not that they loved the praise of men; but that they loved it *more than the praise of God*.

“ Even in cases where there is no direct competition between our duty and our fancied honour, between the praise of men and the praise of God, the passion for applause may become criminal by occupying the place of a better principle. When vain glory usurps the throne of virtue; when ostentation produces actions which conscience ought to have dictated; such actions, however specious, have no claim to moral or religious praise. We know that good deeds done merely *to be seen of men* lose their reward with God. If, on occasion of some trying conjuncture which makes us hesitate concerning our line of conduct, the first question which occurs to us be, not whether an action is right in itself, and such as a good man ought to perform, but whether it is such as will find acceptance with the world, and be favourable to our fame, the conclusion is too evident that the desire of applause has obtained an undue ascendancy. What a wise and good man ought to study, is to preserve his mind free from any such solicitude concerning praise as may be in hazard of overcoming his sense of duty. The approbation of men he may wish to obtain, as far as is consistent with the approbation of God. But when both cannot be enjoyed together, there ought to be no suspense. He is to retire contented with the testimony of a good conscience; and to shew by the firmness of his behaviour, that, in the cause of truth and virtue, he is superior to all opinion.—Let us now proceed to consider the arguments which should support such a spirit, and guard us against the improper influence of praise or censure in the course of our duty.

“ In the first place, the praise of men is not an object of any such value in itself as to be entitled to become the leading principle of conduct. We degrade our character when we allow it more than subordinate regard. Like other worldly goods, it is apt to dazzle us with a false lustre; but if we would ascertain its true worth, let us reflect both on whom it is bestowed, and from whom it proceeds. Were the applause of the world always the reward of merit; were it appropriated to such alone as by real abilities, or by worthy actions, are entitled to rise above the crowd, we might justly be flattered by possessing a rare and valuable distinction. But how far is this from being the case in fact? How often have the despicable and the vile, by dexterously catching the favour of the multitude, soared upon the wings of popular applause, while the virtuous and the deserving have been either buried in obscurity, or obliged to encounter the attacks of unjust reproach? The laurels which human praise confers are withered and blasted by the unworthiness of those who wear them. Let the man who is vain of public favour be humbled by the reflection that, in the midst of his success, he is mingled

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with a crowd of impostors and deceivers, of hypocrites and enthusiasts, of ignorant pretenders and superficial reasoners, who, by various arts, have attained as high a rank as himself in temporary fame.

“ We may easily be satisfied that applause will be often shared by the undeserving, if we allow ourselves to consider from whom it proceeds. When it is the approbation of the wise only and the good which is pursued, the love of praise may then be accounted to contain itself within just bounds, and to run in its proper channel. But the testimony of the discerning few, modest and unassuming as they commonly are, forms but a small part of the public voice. It seldom amounts to more than a whisper, which amidst the general clamour is drowned. When the love of praise has taken possession of the mind, it confines not itself to an object so limited. It grows into an appetite for indiscriminate praise. And who are they that confer this praise? A mixed multitude of men, who in their whole conduct are guided by humour and caprice, far more than by reason; who admire false appearances, and pursue false goods; who inquire superficially, and judge rashly; whose sentiments are for the most part erroneous, always changeable, and often inconsistent. Nor let any one imagine, that by looking above the crowd, and courting the praise of the fashionable and the great, he makes sure of true honour. There are a great vulgar, as well as a small. Rank often makes no difference in the understandings of men, or in their judicious distribution of praise. Luxury, pride, and vanity, have frequently as much influence in corrupting the sentiments of the great, as ignorance, bigotry, and prejudice, having in misleading the opinions of the crowd.—And is it to such judges as these that you submit the supreme direction of your conduct? Do you stoop to court their favour as your chief distinction, when an object of so much juster and higher ambition is presented to you in *the praise of God*? God is the only unerring judge of what is excellent. His approbation alone is the substance, all other praise is but the shadow, of honour. The character which you bear in his sight is your only real one. How contemptible does it render you to be indifferent with respect to this, and to be solicitous about a name alone, a fictitious, imaginary character, which has no existence except in the opinions of a few weak and credulous men around you? They see no farther than the outside of things. They can judge of you by actions only; and not by the comprehensive view of all your actions, but by such merely as you have had opportunity of bringing forth to public notice. But the Sovereign of the world beholds you in every light in which you can be placed. The silent virtues of a generous purpose and a pious heart attract his notice equally with the most splendid deeds. From him you may reap the praise of good actions which you had no opportunity of performing. For he sees them in their principle; he judges of you by your intentions; he knows what you

would have done. You may be in his eyes a hero or a martyr, without undergoing the labours of the one, or the sufferings of the other. His inspection, therefore, opens a much wider field for praise than what the world can afford you; and for praise, too, certainly far more illustrious in the eye of reason. Every real artist studies to approve himself to such as are knowing in his art. To their judgment he appeals. On their approbation he rests his character, and not on the praise of the unskilled and rude. In the highest art of all, that of life and conduct, shall the opinions of ignorant men come into the most distant competition with his approbation who is the searcher of all hearts, and the standard of all perfection?—The testimony of his praise is not indeed, as yet, openly bestowed. But though the voice of the Almighty sound not in your ears, yet by conscience, his sacred vicegerent, it is capable of being conveyed to your heart. The softest whisper of divine approbation is sweeter to the soul of a virtuous man, than the loudest shouts of that tumultuary applause which proceeds from the world.

“ Consider, farther, how narrow and circumscribed in its limits that fame is which the vain-glorious man so eagerly pursues. In order to shew him this, I shall not bid him reflect that it is confined to a small district of the earth; and that when he looks a little beyond the region which he inhabits, he will find himself as much unknown as the most obscure person around him. I shall not desire him to consider, that in the gulph of oblivion, where all human memorials are swallowed up, his name and fame must soon be inevitably lost. He may imagine that ample honours remain to gratify ambition, though his reputation extend not over the whole globe, nor last till the end of time. But let him calmly reflect, that within the narrow boundaries of that country to which he belongs, and during that small portion of time which his life fills up, his reputation, great as he may fancy it to be, occupies no more than an inconsiderable corner. Let him think what multitudes of those among whom he dwells are totally ignorant of his name and character; how many imagine themselves too important to regard him; how many are too much occupied with their own wants and pursuits to pay him the least attention; and where his reputation is in any degree spread, how often it has been attacked, and how many rivals are daily rising to abate it: Having attended to these circumstances, he will find sufficient materials for humiliation in the midst of the highest applause.—From all these considerations it clearly appears, that though the esteem of our fellow-creatures be pleasing, and the pursuit of it, in a moderate degree, be fair and lawful, yet that it affords no such object to desire as entitles it to be a ruling principle.

“ In the second place, an excessive love of praise never fails to undermine the regard due to conscience, and to corrupt the heart. It turns off the eye of the mind from the ends which it ought chiefly to keep in view; and sets up a false light for its guide. Its influence

influence is the more dangerous, as the colour which it assumes is often fair; and its garb and appearance are nearly allied to that of virtue. The love of glory, I before admitted, may give birth to actions which are both splendid and useful. At a distance they strike the eye with uncommon brightness; but on a nearer and stricter survey, their lustre is often tarnished. They are found to want that sacred and venerable dignity which characterizes true virtue. Little passions and selfish interests entered into the motives of those who performed them. They were jealous of a competitor. They fought to humble a rival. They looked round for spectators to admire them. All is magnanimity, generosity, and courage, to public view. But the ignoble source whence these seeming virtues take their rise, is hidden. Without, appears the hero; within, is found the man of dust and clay. Consult such as have been intimately connected with the followers of renown; and seldom or never will you find that they held them in the same esteem with those who viewed them from afar. There is nothing except simplicity of attention, and purity of principle, that can stand the test of near approach and strict examination.

“ But supposing the virtue of vain-glorious men not to be always false, it certainly cannot be depended upon as firm or sure. Constancy and steadiness are to be looked for from him only whose conduct is regulated by a sense of what is right; *whose praise is not of men, but of God*; whose motive to discharge his duty is always the same. Change, as much as you please, the situation of such a man; let applause or let censure be his lot; let the public voice, which this day has extolled him, to-morrow as loudly decry him; on the tenour of his behaviour these changes produce no effect. He moves in a higher sphere. As the sun in his orbit is not interrupted by the mists and storms of the atmosphere below, so, regardless of the opinions of men, *through honour and dishonour, through good report and bad report*, he pursues the path which conscience has marked out. Whereas the apparent virtues of that man whose eye is fixed on the world, are precarious and temporary. Supported only by circumstances, occasions, and particular regards, they fluctuate and fall with these. Excited by public admiration, they disappear when it is withdrawn; like those exhalations which, raised by heat from the earth, glitter in the air with momentary splendour, and then fall back to the ground from whence they sprung.

“ The intemperate love of praise not only weakens the true principles of probity, by substituting inferior motives in their stead, but frequently also impels men to actions which are directly criminal. It obliges them to follow the current of popular opinion whithersoever it may carry them; and hence *shipwreck* is often made both *of faith and of a good conscience*. According as circumstances lead them to court the acclamations of the multitude, or to pursue the applause of the great, vices of different

kinds will stain their character. In one situation they will make hypocritical professions of religion. In another, they will be ashamed of their Redeemer, and of his words. They will be afraid to appear in their own form, or to utter their genuine sentiments. Their whole character will become fictitious; opinions will be assumed, speech and behaviour modelled, and even the countenance formed, as prevailing taste exacts. From one who has submitted to such prostitution for the sake of praise, you can no longer expect fidelity or attachment on any trying occasion. In private life, he will be a timorous and treacherous friend. In public conduct, he will be supple and versatile; ready to desert the cause which he had espoused, and to veer with every shifting wind of popular favour. In fine, all becomes unfound and hollow in that heart where, instead of regard to the divine approbation, there reigns the sovereign desire of pleasing men."

Sermons. By Colin Milne, L. L. D. Rector of North Chapel, in Suffex; Lecturer of St. Paul's, Deptford, and one of the Preachers at the London lying-in Hospital, 8vo. 5s. boards, Cadell.

The Doctor, in order to apologize for the *great length* of his sermons, and to avoid the imputation of *designed Plagiarism*, hath with all *humility* and *submission* prefixed the following advertisement:

"Few of the following sermons were delivered in exactly the same form in which they are now offered to the public. The time usually allotted for instructions from the pulpit seldom permitted the author to *exhaust* his subject in a single discourse. When the intreaties, therefore, of some *partial friends* had persuaded him to submit the least incorrect of his compositions to the inspection of the public, he judged he should be guilty of no great impropriety, by incorporating several discourses upon the same subject into one or two, which, though thereby rendered longer than sermons generally are, might, yet, be imagined, by conjoining the several arguments employed, and placing them before the reader in one strong point of view, gain, perhaps, in point of energy and effect, what they lost in elegance and neatness. He has, occasionally, through the volume, particularly in the third, seventh, and ninth sermons, availed himself of the best and most approved models of pulpit eloquence, both English and French. Intermixed with the most exquisite beauties of composition, there runs a vein of fervent, unaffected piety, through all the writings of a Massillon, a Bourdaloue, a Bossuet, a Saurin, a Cheminai, a Neuville, often interrupted, however, by the absurdities of popular superstition, or involved in the dust of metaphysical subtleties and polemical acrimony.

mony. In the course of these sermons, he owns, he has more than once been tempted to endeavour to disencumber that rich vein of part of the surrounding impurities, and to clothe a few of those beauties, however inelegantly, in an English dress. Whether the sincerity of an acknowledgment, which, he confesses, notwithstanding, it would have been highly dissingenuous to have suppressed, justly entitles him to expect, that the strict severity of criticism will be somewhat relaxed towards this his first essay; or, how far he has been successful in the difficult underraking of uniting the sentiments of others with his own, without destroying the uniformity of the whole, the author pretends not to determine. The work, *such as it is*, he leaves on the candour and indulgence of the public. It is theirs to decide. It is his with all respect and humility to resign himself to their decision."

The work before us, '*such as it is*!' consists of nine Sermons on the following subjects. On the Consolations of Affliction.—On Death—On the Nature and Extent of Christian Charity—The Christian Patriot—On the Deceitfulness of Sin—Piety the best Principle and firmest Support of Virtue—The Concessions of the Enemies of the Gospel a Proof of its Truth.

In this volume, the Doctor displays but few marks of a refined genius. We perceive a great inequality of language, and his strange transpositions are harsh and grating to a delicate ear.—A studied affectation pervades almost the whole performance. He plays a *little about the heart*, and tickles it as it were, but this effect is only momentary, it leaves no lasting impression. This is an essential of the *mock-pathos*.

The Doctor, when he has *started* a thought, that is really and intrinsically beautiful, eagerly *runs it down*, and by that means fatigues his readers with a tedious repetition of particulars, which indicates a genius fond of trifles. However, to give the Doctor his due, he has some fine striking passages; but they are too few to counterbalance those that are trifling and futile.

The situation of the sinner, labouring under the disappointments of life, and that of the Christian in the same circumstances, is not badly illustrated in the following contrast.

"The injustice of the world, so afflicting to those who live only by its smiles, when they see themselves forgotten, neglected, and sacrificed to unworthy competitors, is a new source of peace and consolatory reflections to the Christian, who has learned in the school of the meek and patient Jesus to despise the world, and to seek his happiness in the consciousness of integrity, and the fear of God. I said, afflicting to those who live only by its smiles. Whither, in effect, shall the sinner betake himself, who, after having

ing for frivolous hopes, and promises never intended to be fulfilled, submitted to every means of flattery, servility and vile subjection, which the pride or caprice of his patron could exact, sees, on a sudden, his most sanguine expectations defeated, and the gates of elevation and fortune shut against him, when he thought to have entered them in triumph; sees himself frustrated of preferment, which his assiduities had merited, which in imagination he already enjoyed, and which is now forcibly wrested from his grasp; threatened, if he murmurs, to lose what he actually possesses; obliged to bend before his happier rivals, and to depend perhaps on those whom he thought not worthy formerly to receive his commands? This is a mortifying situation; yet in the intercourse of the world, not more mortifying than common. In circumstances so distressful, how shall the sinner have consolation, or where shall he derive it? Shall he court retirement, and there revenge himself by perpetual complaints of the injustice of men? Those complaints will only fester the wound, and retirement furnish means of indulging them. Shall he comfort himself by the example of those many, who have been equally buoyed up with hopes, and been equally disappointed? But our misfortunes in our own estimation, always exceed the misfortunes of other men. Shall he then have recourse to a vain philosophy, and entrench himself in his pretended fortitude and strength of mind? But it is religion alone which imparts real fortitude, and Christian philosophy which can only alleviate his anguish. Shall he banish from his remembrance the blows which his ambition has sustained, by deadening and stupifying his faculties with the low and infamous pleasures of sensuality; pleasures which disgrace the man and assimilate him to the beast? But the heart, in changing its passion, only changes its punishment. In a word, the sinner, when unfortunate, is unfortunate without resource; and the man of the world every thing fails, when the world itself has failed him.

"It is not thus with the Christian. Visit him with disappointments ever so great, place him in a situation the most mortifying to his hopes, and even his deserts; a situation where those deserts are overlooked, unfelt, perhaps unknown, and where delicacy of sentiment, and gentleness of manners are daily insulted, and suffer the most cruel martyrdom from the shafts of insensibility, vulgarity, rudeness, and "low-minded pride." From religion he derives consolation. This reminds him, that he serves a more equitable master, who can neither be deceived nor prepossessed, who sees us as we are, not as we appear to men, and decides of our destiny, not by the splendor of actions, but by the rectitude and honesty of intentions; a master whose ingratitude he needs not to apprehend; and who, far from forgetting our labours and services, neglects not even our desires, but registers our wishes for the honour and welfare of men, as if actually realized. With such consolations and such supports, how light, in his estimation, seem all the discouragements of virtue! How he congratulates himself on the shelter which religion hath procured him! and how un-

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able is the world, in this point of view, with all its buffetings, repulses, and rude assaults, to disturb the temper of his soul, or essentially to wound his tranquility. I say essentially; for I am far from thinking, that even the good man, the man who has chosen God for his portion, and who makes the law of God his meditation and delight, can, in this world of sorrows, enjoy a tranquility so unalterable as never to be ruffled by misfortune, interrupted by anxiety, or disturbed by care. Alas! alas! Such a state is unattainable by man upon earth. Those anxieties, however, are but as passing clouds. They discharge their contents on the surface of the soul, but it is only on its surface. Its substance they reached not. This is impervious and impassible. It is without only that the clamour is heard; for within reigns a profound stillness, a solemn silence, a perpetual calm; that applause of conscience, that simplicity of heart, that unanimity of temper, that lively confidence, that universal peace, which anticipates the felicity of heaven, and begins the life of angels here below. The disquietudes inseparable from nature he feels changing themselves into a mild and gentle resignation; a ray of celestial light darting inwards upon his mind, and restoring its serenity: and the peace of God which passeth understanding penetrating his heart, and sweetening all its bitterness! O happy condition of virtue! Why art thou not more studied, more coveted and more known of men? And wherefore do we paint thee in colours so gloomy and disagreeable, thou, who only canst lessen all the miseries of this exile, and soften all its pains."

The subsequent address is striking and pathetic:

"Frequently then, in thought, anticipate the moment of your departure from the present introductory state of things, and live and act precisely in such a manner as you will then wish to have acted and lived. Anticipate that serious and solemn period when, with respect to you, riches and every other transient distinction, all but your integrity, shall be vanished and gone. Suppose it actually arrived. Suppose yourselves now upon a death-bed. It is an awful supposition; but how soon may it be realized! I ask you—and I beg that the question may be weighed, and much reflected on in your most secret retirement.—What shall support you in this labouring hour of nature, this moment of difficulty and doubt, when remedies unattended with success, a despairing physician, a family bathed in tears, when every thing, in fine, announces your approaching dissolution, if the retrospect of life, and the reflections which you will then be obliged to make on your past conduct, and on the use and improvement of your prosperity, present you only with a barren scene; if they disgust you with a dreary waste, a blank, a void, a perfect vacancy; if they offer to recollection no poor man relieved, no mourner comforted, no stranger lodged, no ignorant instructed, no naked clothed, no gratulations of an approving heart, but, in their stead, reproaches loud and deep? O misery! Misery! Sweet is even the bitterest cup of affliction, compared with the gall of iniquity and remorse!"

In the fourth Sermon, 'On the Nature and Extent of Christian Charity,' our author hath expressively delineated the character of a slanderer.

For the further entertainment of our readers, we will present them with the concluding paragraph of this volume of Sermons. It contains the Doctor's affectionate address to his audience.

"I close this discourse (*on the concessions of the enemies of the Gospel a proof of its truth*) by beseeching you not to rest in a bare profession or belief of the Gospel, but to evidence that belief by your actions, to adorn that profession by a suitable practice. Little will it avail you to have the fullest reliance upon the merits, intercession, and death of Christ, if your total want of his spirit and temper undeniably demonstrate that you are none of his. There is an infidelity of the heart and affections as obstructive of salvation as the infidelity of the understanding. A man who refuses to believe, notwithstanding the manifold proofs of Christianity, is an object not more of horror than of pity: but a Christian who believes, yet lives as if he did *not* believe, is a character for whose extravagance it is difficult to find a name. The first resembles a madman, who throws himself headlong into the flood; the second, a fool who stands immovable on the shore, calmly suffers himself to be drawn in by the waves, and looks for safety in the very jaws of destruction. *See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise. The soul of the sluggard, says Solomon, desireth and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat.* Thus precisely fares it with the spiritually slothful and the spiritually industrious. In religion there is no such state as that of cold, inactive neutrality; nor knows it a medium betwixt punishment and reward. We must be wholly the Creator's or wholly belong to the world. We must be covered with shame and infamy, as the fearful, indolent, and unbelieving; or be crowned with glory as the active, magnanimous, and heroic. We must be *pillars in the temple of God, have the morning star, be clothed in white raiment, have power over the nations, and rule them with a rod of iron, and sit down with Jesus on his throne, with those who have overcome and been faithful unto death: or, with the slothful and unprofitable servant be cast into outer darkness, where is weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.* Begin then your work without loss of time, now, that you are in this assembly, now, that you are under the immediate eye of God, and under the authority of his divine words. Begin, and you will find at length peace of conscience, and that rest to your souls, which is a foretaste only of that compleater rest to be enjoyed through eternity in the paradise of God."

On the whole, we look upon our author in the light of a flimsy orator, and pronounce that this performance (though it contains some excellencies) will by no means gain a place among the works of celebrated divines, which are worthy,

Linenda cedro; et laevi servanda cupressu.

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Political, Miscellaneous, and Philosophical Pieces, arranged under the following Heads, and distinguished by initial Letters in each Leaf; [G. P.] General Politics; [A. B. T.] American Politics before the Troubles; [A. D. T.] American Politics during the Troubles; [P. P.] Provincial or Colony Politics; and [M. P.] Miscellaneous and Philosophical Pieces; written by Benjamin Franklin, L. L. D. and F. R. S. Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, of the Royal Society at Gottingen, and of the Batavian Society in Holland; President of the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia; late Agent in England for several of the American Colonies; and at present chosen in America as Deputy to the General Congress for the State of Pennsylvania; President of the Convention of the said State, and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Paris for the United States of America: now first collected with explanatory Plates, Notes, and an Index to the Whole. 10s. 6d. 8vo. Johnson.
 [Concluded from page 181.]

There is no phænomenon, perhaps, in the natural world, about which the opinions of philosophers are more divided, than that of the *Aurora Borealis*. Till of late, indeed, no rational or philosophical account was attempted to be given of this very strange and singular appearance. Popular conjectures were almost all that took place on the subject; and these, as usual, were in the highest degree absurd and ridiculous. Dr. Franklin is one of the first that has endeavoured to explain this phænomenon upon the sound principles of reason and philosophy; and with his sentiments on this topic we shall conclude our review of this very curious and entertaining publication.

"Suppositions and Conjectures towards forming an Hypothesis, for the explanation of the Aurora Borealis.

" 1. Air heated by any means, becomes rarified, and specifically lighter than other air in the same situation not heated.

" 2. Air being made thus lighter rises, and the neighbouring cooler heavier air takes its place.

" 3. If in the middle of a room you heat the air by a stove, or pot of burning coals near the floor, the heated air will rise to the ceiling, spread over the cooler air till it comes to the cold walls; there, being condensed and made heavier, it descends to supply the place of that cool air which had moved towards the stove or fire, in order to supply the place of the heated air which had ascended from the space around the stove or fire.

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" 4. Thus there will be a continual circulation of air in the room ; which may be rendered visible by making a little smoke, for that smoke will rise and circulate with the air.

" 5. A similar operation is performed by nature on the air of this globe. Our atmosphere is of a certain height, perhaps at a medium [] miles : above that height it is so rare as to be almost a vacuum. The air heated between the tropics is continually rising ; its place is supplied by northerly and southerly winds, which come from the cooler regions.

" 6. The light heated air floating above the cooler and denser, must spread northward and southward ; and descend near the two poles, to supply the place of the cool air, which had moved towards the equator.

" 7. Thus a circulation of air is kept up in our atmosphere, as in the room above mentioned.

" 8. That heavier and lighter air may move in currents of different and even opposite direction, appears sometimes by the clouds that happen to be in those currents, as plainly as by the smoke in the experiment above mentioned. Also in opening a door between two chambers, one of which has been warmed, by holding a candle near the top, near the bottom, and near the middle, you will find a strong current of warm air passing out of the warmed room above, and another of cool air entering below ; while in the middle there is little or no motion.

" 9. The great quantity of vapour rising between the tropics forms clouds, which contain much electricity.

" Some of them fall in rain, before they come to the polar regions.

" 10. If the rain be received in an isolated vessel, the vessel will be electrified ; for every drop brings down some electricity with it.

" 11. The same is done by snow or hail.

" 12. The electricity so descending, in temperate climates, is received and imbibed by the earth.

" 13. If the clouds are not sufficiently discharged by this gradual operation, they sometimes discharge themselves suddenly by striking into the earth, where the earth is fit to receive their electricity.

" 14. The earth in temperate and warm climates is generally fit to receive it, being a good conductor.

" 15. A certain quantity of heat will make some bodies good conductors, that will not otherwise conduct.

" 16. Thus wax rendered fluid, and glass softened by heat, will both of them conduct.

" 17. And water, though naturally a good conductor, will not conduct well, when frozen into ice by a common degree of cold ; not at all, where the cold is extreme.

" 18. Snow falling upon frozen ground has been found to retain its electricity ; and to communicate it to an isolated body, when after falling, it has been driven about by the wind.

" 19. The humidity contained in all the equatorial clouds that reach

reach the polar regions, must there be condensed and fall in snow.

" 20. The great cake of ice that eternally covers those regions may be too hard frozen to permit the electricity, descending with that snow, to enter the earth.

" 21. It may therefore be *accumulated upon that ice*.

" 22. The atmosphere being heavier in the polar regions, than in the equatorial, will there be lower; as well from that cause, as from the smaller effect of the centrifugal force: consequently the distance of the vacuum above the atmosphere will be less at the poles than elsewhere; and probably much less than the distance (upon the surface of the globe) extending from the pole to those latitudes in which the earth is so thawed as to receive and imbibe electricity; (the frost continuing to lat. 80, which is ten degrees, or 600 miles from the pole; while the height of the atmosphere there of such density as to obstruct the motion of the electric fluid, can scarce be esteemed above [] miles).

" 23. The *vacuum* above is a good conductor.

" 24. May not then the great quantity of electricity, brought into the polar regions by the clouds, which are condensed there, and fall in snow, which electricity would enter the earth, but cannot penetrate the ice; may it not, I say (*as a bottle overcharged*) break through that low atmosphere, and run along in the vacuum over the air towards the equator; diverging as the degrees of longitude enlarge; strongly visible where densest, and becoming less visible as it more diverges; till it finds a passage to the earth in more temperate climates, or is mingled with their upper air?

" 25. If such an operation of nature were really performed, would it not give all the appearances of an Aurora Borealis?

" 26. And would not the auroras become more frequent *after the approach of winter*: not only because more visible in longer nights; but also because in summer the long presence of the sun may soften the surface of the great ice cake, and render it a conductor, by which the accumulation of electricity in the polar regions will be prevented?

" 27. The *atmosphere of the polar regions* being made more dense by the extreme cold, and all the moisture in that air being frozen; may not any great light arising therein, and passing through it, render its density in some degree visible during the night time, to those who live in the rarer air of more southern latitudes; and would it not in that case, although in itself a complete and full circle, extending perhaps ten degrees from the pole, appear to spectators so placed (who could see only a part of it) *in the form of a segment*; its chord resting on the horizon, and its arch elevated more or less above it as seen from latitudes more or less distant; *darkish in colour*, but yet *sufficiently transparent* to permit some stars to be seen through it.

" 28. The *rays* of electric matter issuing out of a body, diverge by mutually repelling each other, unless there be some conducting body near, to receive them: and if that conducting body be at

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a greater distance, they will *first diverge*, and then *converge* in order to enter it. May not this account for some of the varieties of figure seen at times in the *motions* of the luminous matter of the auroras: since it is possible, that in passing over the atmosphere, from the north in all directions or meridians, towards the equator, the rays of that matter may find in many places, portions of cloudy region, or moist atmosphere under them, which (being in the natural or negative state) may be fit to receive them, and towards which they may therefore converge: and when one of those receiving bodies is more than saturated, they may *again diverge* from it, towards other surrounding masses of such humid atmosphere, and thus form the *crowns*, as they are called, and other figures mentioned in the histories of this meteor?

A Specimen of the Civil and Military Institutes of Timour or Tamerlane: a Work written originally by that celebrated Conqueror in the Mogul Language, and since translated into Persian, Now first rendered from the Persian into English, from a MS. in the Possession of William Hunter, M. D. F. R. S. Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. With other Pieces. By Joseph White, B. D. Fellow of Wadham College, Laudian Professor of Arabic, One of His Majesty's Preachers at Whitehall, and Editor and Translator of the Syriac Philoxenian Version of the Gospels. 4to. No Price. P. Elmsly.

This specimen, which we are told in the Preface, begins with the first page of the work, and ends at the seventh, without omission, addition, or alteration, is translated from a manuscript in the possession of Dr. Hunter. Our translator further adds, that nothing is wanting to render it the object of admiration to the curious and the learned, but the positive conviction of its authenticity; for the defence of which he subjoins the following letter in support of the authenticity of the Institutes of Timour.

" My good friend,

Gloucester, Oct. 24, 1779.

" I have received your favour of the 20th instant, and with most heartily that my ability to comply with your request was equal to my inclination.

" You apply to me for *external* evidence to establish the authenticity of Timour's Institutes: it is by no means an easy task to perform; such reasons, however, as have led me to believe them genuine, I shall freely communicate. How far they may tend to remove the doubts of unbelieving Critics, I cannot pretend to say; possibly, in the opinions of such gentlemen, they may only serve to establish my own credulity: be that as it may, I shall set out with

with declaring to you, that I cannot produce any *historical* proofs of the authenticity of these *Institutes*.

“ The only histories of Timour, which I have read (that written by himself excepted,) are those of Sharruf u'deen Alli Yezzudi and Mirkhond: the latter is in the Rouzut ul Suffau. True it is that neither of these authors, to the best of my remembrance, take any notice of the *Institutes*, or of the History (or Commentaries) of Timour, said to be written by himself. Alli Yezzudi says, that Timour was always attended by several learned and able men, whose sole employment was to keep a sort of historical journals of all transactions as they occurred, both military and civil; that they were directed to adhere minutely to the truth in their relations of the most trifling facts, and that they were still more particularly enjoined to observe the strictest impartiality in their narratives of the conduct and actions of the Emperor himself. These Historical Journals, if they may be so called, were, from time to time, read in his presence, in the presence of his ministers and officers, and of the learned: they were compared with and corrected by each other, by the Emperor himself, and by such of his people as had a personal knowledge of the transactions therein related. It must be allowed, that this was no bad way of collecting authentic materials for the history of a mighty Emperor, governing a mighty empire; if he took care to enforce his commands by proving himself superior to flattery, and by an encouragement of that truth and impartiality, which he so strictly enjoined. From these materials, some of which were in prose, some in verse, some in the Turki (or Mogul) language, some in the Persian, Alli Yezzudi afterwards compiled the History of the Reign and Conquests of Timour, as he himself declares: and with the assistance of these very materials, it is concluded that Timour wrote that voluminous and valuable History of his own Life, to which he added his *Institutes*. How it came to pass that that History and those *Institutes* were not taken notice of either by Alli Yezzudi, or Mirkhond, it is impossible, at this distance of time to tell; but though the cause cannot with certainty be pointed out, there is room for many plausible conjectures. The Historical Journals before mentioned were numerous, and they were public also; the great and the learned had free access to them; many copies of them were taken, and, with the originals, handed down to posterity; the life of Timour, and his *Institutes*, on the contrary, was a private work, composed by himself, with the assistance which those materials afforded him. This work the Conqueror was led to engage in from motives to us unknown: amusement or ambition, or both, might urge him to the arduous undertaking. Whether it was written with his own hand, or by a favourite and trusty amanuensis, is uncertain; but which ever was the case, it is most probable, that one copy only existed during his life-time, and possibly for many years afterwards: what became of that copy, during the confusions that followed his death, is equally uncertain and open to conjecture. But after all, it is no unreasonable supposition,

sition, that such a work in manuscript might have existed, though Alli Yezzudi and Mirkhond knew nothing of the matter. That they were not acquainted with it, is evident: for if they had, and thought it authentic, they would have bestowed upon it all the applause which is due to the intrinsic merit of the work; if they had known and thought it spurious, they would have refuted its authenticity. But they have done neither; they are totally silent on the subject: from whence we may conclude, that they were strangers to the work. But it by no means follows, that such a work could not exist, because they, or even cotemporary authors, knew nothing about it.

“The History of Timour, written by himself, carries with it the strongest proofs that he wrote for posterity only; and that he could not, in prudence, or in policy, make his work public during his life: for it contains not only the same accurate detail of the Facts and Occurrences of his reign, as are found in other authors, but it goes much farther. He gives you that which he only had the power to give, the secret springs and motives which influenced his conduct in the various political and military transactions of his life, the arts by which he governed, as well as the power by which he conquered. He acknowledges his weaknesses, honestly owns his errors, describes the difficulties in which he was occasionally involved by those errors, and the policy by which he surmounted and overcame those difficulties. In a word, it is a complete Index to his head and his heart; and though, take it all in all, it redounds to the honour of both the one and the other, yet it was a work by no means calculated for the perusal of his enemies, or even his subjects during his life; since it would have enabled those who chose it, to combat him with his own weapons, or, in other words, to have turned his arts and his policy against himself. Hence it is reasonable to suppose, that the work in question was entirely unknown during his life; and its subsequent temporary obscurity may, I think, be plausibly accounted for, by the probability of one copy only existing at the time of his death, by the uncertainty into whose hands that copy fell, and by the divisions which followed in his family after the death of Shaahroch.

“Abu Taulib ul Housseini, in the Dedication of his Translation to Sultan ul Audil, says, that in the Library of Jafir, Haukim of Yemmun, he met with a manuscript in the Turki or Mogul language, which, on inspection, proved to be the History of Timour, written by himself; containing an account of his Life and Actions from the seventh to the seventy-fourth year of his age, &c. &c. He then proceeds to give the Translation of the said History, in which are included the institutes.

“It may appear remarkable that the Translator should say so little, or in fact nothing, to prove the authenticity of the valuable work, which he was about to translate. It has an extraordinary appearance, I allow; but, I think, the following inferences only can be drawn from it: either that he thought the work itself contained sufficient proofs of its own authenticity, or that at the period
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when he translated it, it was so well known, as not to admit of doubt, or dispute. For my part, I think his inattention to this point is a very strong, if not the strongest possible proof, that the History and Institutes of Timour are genuine.

"An European Critic may say, that this same Abu Taulib might have wrote the work himself in the Persian language, and have imposed it upon the world as a Translation from the Royal Mogul author. This I take to be impossible. Authors in the East neither sold their works to booksellers, nor published by subscription, nor depended for support on the applause, the generosity, or the credulity of the public, they were patronized by Princes, who rewarded their labours in proportion to the value of their works. And therefore, if Abu Taulib had been capable of writing such a work, he never would have been guilty of so dangerous and foolish an artifice, which could tend only to diminish both his fame and his profit. The applause and the reward due to the Translator of an excellent work, must, whatever his merit, be inferior to those which are due to the author of such a work; if therefore he had been master of abilities to write the Life and Institutes of Timour, as there written, he would have spoke in the third person instead of the first (no other alteration being necessary,) and have stood forth as the author of the first and best History of the Life of Timour, that ever was wrote; for which he must have obtained both applause and profit tenfold. The same mode of reasoning will hold good to prove that the Turki copy could not be wrote by any Mogul author, but him to whom it is ascribed, Timour himself.

"The noble simplicity of diction, the plain and unadorned egotism that runs through the whole of the Institutes and History of Timour, are peculiarities which mark their originality and their antiquity also. The Orientals, for some centuries past, have adopted a very different mode of writing; the best of their historical works are filled with poetical and hyperbolical flowers and flourishes, which are so numerous, and occur so frequently, that many a *folio* volume, weeded and pruned of these superfluities, would be reduced to a very moderate *octavo*.

"The only work bearing the least resemblance to the Life and Institutes of Timour, which has fallen under my observation, is the History (or Commentaries) of Sultaun Babour, written by himself. Babour was descended from Timour in the fifth degree; he was the son of Omer, the son of Abu Saeed, the son of Mahummed, the son of Meraun Shaah, the son of Timour. About eighty years elapsed between the death of Timour and the birth of Babour. Babour in the twelfth year of his age, and the 899th year of the Hejra, sat upon the throne of his father, in the kingdom of Fergaunch. The earlier part of his life very much resembled that of his great predecessor, Timour: and his abilities in the field and in the cabinet, his fortitude in distress, his activity and courage when surrounded with difficulties and danger, and the glory and success with which his enterprises were finally crowned,

Crowned, make the resemblance between these two Princes still more striking. Like Timour, Babour wrote an accurate History of his own Life and Actions in the Turki language; which though by no means equal to the admirable composition of his renowned ancestor, is a work of infinite merit. Yet this history, great as the Royal author was, remained in obscurity till the middle of the reign of his grandson Acbur, when it was translated into the Persian language by one of his Omrahs, Khaun a Khaunau. It is more difficult to account for the temporary obscurity of this valuable work, than for that of Timour: for at the death of Babour it must have fallen into the hands of his son Humaioon, and on his death, into those of Acbur. Yet till the middle of his reign it remained unknown and untranslated: and if Acbur had, in the early part of his life, been driven from his throne, if divisions had taken place in his family, and his posterity had been scattered abroad, this valuable manuscript might have fallen into private hands, and have remained unknown for a century longer; possibly, have been totally lost. No critic, either Oriental or European, pretends to dispute the authenticity of Babour's History; and, as far as I have been able to discover, the learned of the East consider the *Institutes* and History of Timour as equally genuine.

"I was acquainted with several great and learned men in India, both natives and Persians; on perusing the works of Timour, I was led to make the same enquiry which you have made, Whether they were, or were not authentic? The answers I received were always in the affirmative, and attended with some tokens and expressions of surprise that I should, or could, doubt their being genuine. Shaah Aulum, the present Mogul has a beautiful copy of the History and *Institutes* of Timour; which he holds in such esteem, and of which he is so exceedingly careful, that though he granted me the use of any other book in his possession, this he positively excepted by name, as a work so rare and valuable, that he could not trust it to the care of any person whatever.

"Upon the whole, if the learned of the East, for several generations, have been induced to give implicit credit to the *Institutes* and History of Timour, which is certainly the case, I do not see how Europeans can, with any degree of propriety, doubt their authenticity. The Oriental Critics have the very best materials on which to form their opinions; our small stock of knowledge in the language, and still smaller stock of Asiatic Historians, render us very incompetent judges of the point in question. There are a great number of Oriental Manuscripts in the libraries of the learned; but I am convinced, that there are still many, very many, which never have found, and possibly never will find their way into Europe; and therefore, though no *historical* evidence can be produced to prove the authenticity of the Works of Timour, yet no one can pretend to say, that such *historical* Proofs do not exist. The learned of the East must be the best judges whether they do, or do not merit their belief and veneration; and they have

have thought proper to bestow upon them both the one and the other. It is much to be regretted, that the *Life of Timour*, written by himself, is not to be found in Europe: if that, and the *Institutes* could be translated and published together, such is the accuracy of the narrative, such is the importance of the matter, and such the lights that they would mutually reflect on each other, that it would, I conceive, be impossible for any one to read them, without acquiescing in their authenticity from the *internal Evidence* alone.

Yours, most assuredly;

WILLIAM DAVY."

With regard to the *Institutes* they are such as do honour to their noble founder: though we could wish to defer giving an extract, till we see a continuation of them.

A Dissertation upon English Typographical Founders and Founderies. By Edward Rowe Mores, A. M. & A. S. S. 8vo. 6s. Nichols.

We should have been at a loss to determine the mode of reviewing this extraordinary performance, if the Appendix, which is by another hand, had not in some degree elucidated its obscurities.

"The subject of it, says the writer of the Appendix, is in some degree new to the world, and of more importance than at first it may appear to be. Those, who were acquainted with Mr. Mores, know that he would not willingly have sacrificed so large a portion of time, expence, and labour, in pursuit of an uninteresting object; nor need it be added, that his extensive abilities and steady perseverance rendered him perhaps of all others the properest for so difficult an undertaking. He had also the advantage of perusing the MSS. of the late Mr. James, whence he derived the knowledge of the several Dutch anecdotes he has related. One general remark must naturally occur to the most superficial reader. The author's whimsical peculiarities in *abbreviations* and in *punctuation* deform his pages, and too frequently involve an otherwise clear sentence in obscurity. Mr. Mores, it is true, has atoned for this inconvenience, by the manly strength of thought and acuteness of observation with which this little work abounds. But the reader, whether for amusement or instruction, expects his ease to be consulted, if it can be done conveniently; and is apt to lay aside a book in which many unnecessary impediments are thrown in his way."

Mr. Mores begins by observing that "the history of English printers has been copiously handled by those who with commendable zeal and diligence have delivered to us the typographical antiquities of the nation. But little or no notice has hitherto been

taken of the **FOUNDER**, although he is a first and principal mover in this curious art."

That the early printers were their own founders, may be taken for granted with Mr. Mores, whose enumeration of them is equally faithful and entertaining. It would neither be agreeable to ourselves, nor perhaps amusing to the generality of our readers, to enter deeply into the abstruser parts of this dissertation; but it will be certainly amusing to extract from it a few striking particulars.

"The introduction of the study of the oriental languages," Mr. Mores says, "cannot well be dated higher than the year 1635, in which year that great promoter of learning, Archbishop Laud, gave his noble present of oriental manuscripts to the University of Oxford."

By a decree of Starchamber, 1637, it was decreed that there should be four letter-founders, and no more. It is somewhat remarkable, that *four* should be the number of letter-founders in London at this present time.

The benefactions of Junius and Bishop Fell to the University of Oxford are duly noticed; and a curious history given of types of the several learned languages, which are closed by the Etruscan; "cut, Mr. Mores says, by the late Mr. Caillon for the use of that very learned linguist Mr. Swinton: and pleasing would it be to us, though we fear the wish is vain, to view the next emotions of grief or joy conceived in Phœnician, Palmyrene, or Samnian, brought forth by *lead* and *regulus*, and cut by *copper*."

"Hebrew characters were used earlier than 1480*. A copy of the Pentateuch, which was printed in 1482, most probably at the Monastery of Soncero, is preserved at Verona, and another in the library of the Marquis of Baden Durlac.

"Mr. Mores seems to have intended to have given a *specimen* from the many curious matrices in his Foundry, if he had lived to have published his Dissertation. And here it may not be unnecessary to observe, that when he speaks so frequently of our **FOUNDRY**, he was actually possessed of all the curious parts of that immense collection, which, after an accumulation of nearly three centuries, had centered in the late Mr. John James; a man apparently of rubbish, but in which, Mr. Mores says, *virtu* was gratified by some original punches of Wynkyn de Worde.

"Of Mr. Jackson, says the writer of the Appendix, Mr. Mores would have said more, if he had known him in 1779. The labour of six successive years has been diligently exerted since Mr. Mores described his Foundry in 1773. He too, after cutting a variety of types for the Rolls of Parliament (a work which will ever reflect honour on the good taste and munificence of the pre-

* See The Origin of Printing, 1776, p. 108.

lent reign) has employed his talents on *Domesday*, and in a manner more successful than his fellow-labourer [Mr. Cottrell.] I have the pleasure of informing the public, that the larger volume of that valuable record is nearly finished at the press."

The following account of *musical types* shall conclude our extracts,

"Fournier is said to be the inventor of printing music twenty years ago. M. Preuschen first thought of printing maps in 1773. He associated with M. Haas, a celebrated founder, who executed the types in 1775, and sent specimens of his performance to the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg. See more in the *Journal Encyclopedique*, 1779, Avril, p. 89." The person who sent me this notice is persuaded, that he knows an universal improvement to all three species of printing. I must add, however, that Fournier's claim, I imagine, is to the invention of stamping music on plates of pewter, which Mr. Mores, p. 81, mentions as having been practised in London by Foght, and which, as he properly observes, is less beautiful than types, though possibly more expeditious, and sufficiently durable for a long. The earliest use of musical types may be fixed, with Ames and Sir John Hawkins, to the "*Polychronicon of Higden*" in 1495, where the characters are sufficiently rude. Music was printed with plates, still earlier, at Milan. The types arrived at great perfection in Germany by the year 1500; in Italy about 1515; and in England, progressively, by Grafton (who obtained a patent for printing the statute-books, the earliest patent that is taken notice of by Sir W. Dugdale) about 1540; by John Day in 1560; and in 1575 by Thomas Vautrollier, the printer of the "*Cantiones*" of Tallis and Bird, who, though not printers, obtained from Q. Elizabeth a patent for the sole printing of music. In 1598 a patent, with powers still more ample, was granted to Thomas Morley; after the expiration of which, this branch of printing was exercised by every printer who chose it; and was greatly improved by Thomas Playford in 1660. See "*History of Music*," vol. III. p. 56, 57, 174. IV. 341, 473. and V. 107—110; in which latter page, this learned and entertaining writer says, "the last great improver of the art of *stamping* music in England was one Phillips, a Welchman, who might be said to have stolen it from one Fortier, a Frenchman, and a watch-maker."

Sermons on the most Prevalent Vices. To which are added an Ordination Sermon, a Synod Sermon, and Two Sermons on a Future State. By the Rev. David Lamont, Minister of Kirkpatrick-Durham, near Dunfries. 8vo. 5s. 3d. Crowder.

[Continued from page 190.]

As Mr. Lamont's reflections on the character and duty of a minister of the gospel are equally sensible and ingenious, we shall gratify our readers with a few more of his sentiments on that subject.

"A minister should be an excellent Divine. Nothing can be more ridiculous, than to see a Divine a stranger to Divinity. Like Apollos, he should be mighty in the scriptures, and form his discourses upon that model of sublime and sacred oratory. He should be a complete master of our orthodox system, and of the most flourishing deviations from it. He should be particularly acquainted with the objections of the Deist, and the arguments by which they are most effectually answered—that, by these helps, he may be able to speak with propriety, dispute with acuteness, and instruct with authority.

"A minister should be an excellent moral philosopher. Moral philosophy is the first and best of human study, the sum and substance of human learning. Its connection with Divinity is so close, that a man may as well pretend to preach without a tongue, as to preach sense without this accomplishment. For as, in practice, a man's religion seldom survives his morality, so, in speculation, a man's Divinity seldom survives his philosophy.

"A minister should be well acquainted with history. History is the great magazine or storehouse, whence we extract, in miniature, a faithful description of men, their sentiments, maxims, manners, customs, characters, and springs of action. In history we see the progress and declension of virtue and vice, in every country, and in every period, with the interchanges of humility and pride, contentment and covetousness, liberty and slavery, gentleness and cruelty, harmony and discord, peace and war, chequering the varied scene. These furnish us with the best means of storing our minds with knowledge, and consequently of communicating knowledge to others.

"A minister should know a little of rhetoric, just as much as to prevent awkwardness, not so much as to produce affectation; for affectation in any man is ridiculous, but in a minister is highly offensive.

"As a member of ecclesiastical government, a minister should be acquainted with the fundamental laws of the church, and such fundamental laws of the state as are connected with it.

"I would not, however, exclude other sciences, which may tend to finish the scholar, but these, I think, are abundantly sufficient to complete the minister.

"There is, nevertheless, one kind of knowledge which I had almost forgot, but which must not be omitted, and that is the knowledge of the world, without which the knowledge of books will only make us pedants. The knowledge of the world gives a noble polish to our minds, rubs off our native rusticity, softens our manners, improves our address, inspires a modest assurance, and opens a wide field of observation.

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"A minister, enriched with all these various branches of knowledge, bids fair for respect; but if, on a thorough examination of himself, he finds he is materially deficient in any, he should take his hand from the spiritual plough; and, to follow out Dr. South's simile, put it to another plough much better suited to his capacity.

"A third preservative against contempt in a minister, is to be a good preacher. Preaching is the proper business of the preacher, and to be expert at that should be his study; for to be a bungler in his own profession, must render him contemptible, though he were an adept in every other science; and though possessed of every other accomplishment, he would be considered as a quack. But a competent degree of perfection in this divine art paves the way to solid honour.

"By a good preacher, I do not mean a man of noise and gesture, who preaches up himself, and not his subject; and goes to the pulpit, as many go to the church, to be seen of men. The action of the theatre, and the bombast of romances, are unworthy of the pulpit, and disgrace its solemnity. But, by a good preacher, I understand a man, who, from his original good sense, improved by a good education, enters deep into the spirit of the sacred text; speaks what he feels, and feels what is just; who, in his lectures, is clear and copious; in his sermons, accurate and persuasive; in both, more attentive to sense than sound, to dignity of sentiment, than loftiness of style; who manages his discourses with such propriety, that, in each there is as much simplicity as will render it instructive to the vulgar, and as much sublimity as will render it acceptable to the refined.

"A good preacher suits his subjects to his audience; expatiates on the evidences of christianity where infidelity prevails; urges to the practice christian virtues, where vice predominates; and endeavours, with modesty, to illustrate the obscure passages of scripture, without darkening the clear ones by studied artifice.

"A good preacher does not dive into mysteries, or pretend to explain them; but passes them over in silence, as subjects equally unintelligible to his audience and to himself. And, indeed, what is it less, than the most arrogant presumption in any man, to pretend to know that which God has concealed from human knowledge, or to investigate that which God has locked up from the keenest researches of man's penetration?

"A good preacher adapts his discourses to the capacities of his hearers, and does not affect the false sublime. Learned disquisitions, above common comprehension, debase the pulpit; and a man may, with as good a grace, read a lecture on astronomy to an ox, as preach abstruse discourses to men who have but plain understandings. There is a peculiar majesty in unaffected plainness; a substantial beauty, which needs neither paint nor patch. All dress supposes imperfection: truth needs not the aids of ornament. A glittering outside often indicates a trifling inside. Truth loves to be naked, and is not ashamed.

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"A good preacher does not always deal in generals, but frequently insists upon particulars. To tell men, in general, that they are sinners, and if they repent not, that they will go to hell, is but a vague way of preaching, and will, at best, make but a vague impression. But if you tell them, that to cheat or overreach their neighbours, to lie against the light of truth, and walk in the paths of cruelty, will bring down upon them certain destruction; if you tell them, that whoever is addicted to swearing, drinking, licentiousness, will, in spite of mercy, pull down the stroke of impending justice, then you speak to every man's conscience, and every man knows what you mean; and if any spark of ingenuity remain in the bosom of the hearer, this address will carry conviction to his heart, and force him, on his peril, to relinquish either his conscience or his crimes.

"I would not have a sermon to be crowded with wit, nor would I wish it to be totally void of it. Too much might detract from its gravity; none at all might render it languid. A dull, insipid discourse, without nerves, without spirit, without unction, though seriously delivered, and superlatively orthodox, makes but a drowsy audience and a drowsy religion; whereas proper strokes of grave and genuine wit, interspersed at proper distances, like stars in the firmament, give life and vivacity to a performance, and stimulate the attention of an audience.

"I would not have a preacher to be a servile imitator. Servile imitation supposes the want of originality, which derogates from the merit of the man, and, of consequence, from the merit of the preacher.

"I would not have a preacher to borrow much. Borrowing from abroad supposes a deficiency at home, and a deficiency at home leads to contempt from abroad. Few are esteemed, who are much, in any sense, on the borrowing hand. Besides, he who retails old, patched, second-hand preachings, cannot so properly be called a sermon-maker, as a sermon-broker.

"I would not have a preacher to be a slave to his papers. For my own part, I see no intrinsic evil in them, and am sorry, that the prejudices of our country are so strong against the use of them. Yet I cannot help thinking, that he, who pays little attention to his notes, delivers his sentiments with more grace and energy, than he who slavishly consults them; but if a man's memory does not serve him to repeat distinctly, it is better to read, than to repeat ungracefully.

"I would not have a minister to be long in his performances. Long preachings are a certain mark of a bad preacher, who makes up in quantity, what he lacks in quality. A short preacher generally says more in half an hour, than a long one does in half a day. And to say the truth, I know nothing that tedious preachings are good for, but to make one half of an audience desert the church, and the other half fall asleep when they are in it.

"I would with a preacher to have all his discourses seasoned with the spirit of the gospel. The gospel is one of those things, of which a preacher should not be ashamed.

"With regard to manner, an easy, elegant address is to be wished for, pomp to be avoided, and rather no action than too much.

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In this respect, even awkwardness is preferable to parade. The reason is this; awkwardness may be complexional, or proceed from unacquaintance with the world; but parade ever flows from a desire of being conspicuous upon false grounds.

"A good preacher diversifies his manner according to the diversity of his subjects, but, upon the whole, is grave and solemn, and ever at the remotest distance from any thing that is light and trifling; as he knows that a ludicrous face is the most unbecoming that can possibly be put upon a serious religion.

"The fourth preservative against contempt in a minister, is to be a good man. This is the last qualification, and, I may add, the best. This is the top and crowning point, which finally completes the character. Without this, the deepest penetration of mind degenerates into a worthless sagacity, which transforms the image of God into the image of the Devil. Without this, the artificial subtleties of philosophy are but the scaffolds of pedantry, or the props of vice. Without this, the sublimest exertions of eloquence are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, "like the tale of an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." But an uniform sublimity of conduct gives a brilliancy to each perfection, and sheds a lustre on each accomplishment.

"It is true, specious and showy endowments may astonish the croud, and make the vulgar stare; but it is the native complexion of the mind which fixes the value of the man, and the confirmed habits of virtue only which call forth, from surrounding spectators, the liberal sentiments of love and esteem. The heart is the true standard of the character; the life is the transcript of the heart. Our principles are the springs of our actions; our actions are the touchstones of our principles.

"A minister, therefore, if he wishes for respect, must join to the qualities of a good head, the best of all qualities, a good heart; and prove his being possessed of it, by a good life: for a tree is known by its fruit, and a fountain by its streams. Vice in a public character is the production of a monstrous birth, and cannot be viewed but with horror. But in sterling worth there is a kind of magnetism, which attracts, at once, the eye and heart of the beholder; nay, may I be allowed the boldness of the thought, there is a kind of omnipotence in steady virtue, which compels mankind to respect it, even against their will.

"A minister, destitute of truth and candour, is the most worthless thing in nature, the most despicable character on earth. He is a double-minded man, a servant of two masters; in the pulpit, the servant of God; out of it, the servant of the devil. He is the center of two contradictions; he preaches against his life, and lives against his preaching; by profession a saint, and by practice a miscreant. What can be so shocking to the sentiments of mankind, as to hear a drunkard preach against drunkenness, a miser against covetousness, a debauchee against licentiousness, or a tyrant against revenge? Nature cries shame on such hypocrisy, and the man's heart must give the lie to his tongue. The com-

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mon feelings of men must revolt at such duplicity, and their common sense exclaim against such barefaced impudence.

"A minister, then, in order to procure respect, must be a good man. For it will not do for a man to be at variance with himself; his practice to be opposite to his profession; and his pretended principles the reverse of his real ones. Aversion, hatred, contempt, must ever be the consequence of such base and disingenuous conduct.

"I, therefore, repeat it once more, and indeed it cannot be too often repeated, a minister, in order to procure respect, must be a good man. But when I say this, I do not wish to give you the idea of a man of a morose and gloomy disposition; who is an enemy to the amusements of innocence, and dead to the pleasures of life; a man whose face is wrapped up in the clouds of melancholy, and on whose tongue the cant of religion ever dwells. Alas! these are but the splendid ensigns of hypocrisy, and often indicate the absence of religion. There may be much religion in the look, when there is but little in the heart; there may be much show, when there is but little substance. True goodness, like true happiness, does not affect the pomp and splendor of a glittering outside; but, substantial in its nature, disdains to counterfeited appearances. One is apt to suspect a man's goodness to be theatrical, when of his goodness he is perpetually making theatrical displays. A good man never wears the garb of more solemnity than he possesses; nor wishes to possess more than is rational. He does not distort the features of his mind or face, to assume a borrowed look; because he knows, that whatever is strained is unnatural, and whatever is unnatural is disgusting.

"But, by a good man, I wish to give you the idea of a man of steady faith, unaffected piety, rational benevolence, and inflexible integrity; whose sermons are the picture of his life, and whose life is a commentary on his sermons; whose soul is superior to the gross indulgences of vice, and whose affections are refined by the sublime entertainments of virtue.

"In short, a minister should be religious, but not noisy; pious, but not peevish; devout, but not morose; serious, but not superstitious; he should be humble, but not grovelling; chaste, but not monkish; temperate, but not too abstemious; charitable, but not ostentatious; he should have gravity without gloominess, and cheerfulness without levity; he should be good-natured, but not silly; obliging, but not officious; social, but not common; he should have affability without meanness, complaisance without fawning, and apparent openness, but in some cases a real reserve. He should temper the dignity of the minister with the familiarity of the man, the spirit of the gentleman with the candour of the christian, the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove.

"This assemblage of amiable qualities will secure him universal respect. His character will be respected while he lives, his memory will be respected when he dies; and in that country where
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death is an eternal stranger, he will be respected by angels,—he will be respected by God. O goodness, thou queen of beauties! who would not wish to possess thy charms? Who would not wish to be clothed with thy honours? Who would not wish to wear thy crown?

“Now, my reverend fathers and brethren, to relieve your patience, upon which, I am afraid, I have already encroached, I will trust to your own prudence the application of what has been advanced, and will conclude a long discourse with a short observation. Let us respect ourselves, then men will respect us; let us revere our character, then men will revere it. Dignified, as we are, with the illustrious title of ambassadors from God, let us discover sentiments worthy of our exalted master, and actions worthy of our exalted character. Let our minds be stored with useful knowledge, and our lives be adorned with active virtue. Whatever we let slip, let us hold fast our integrity, and with approving consciences return to the dust. Then, when the grave shall restore its sacred trust, the sea give up its dead, and earth and hell release their prisoners, saints shall embrace us with celestial love, angels welcome us to their sweet society, the Redeemer set on our heads the immortal crown, the Kings of Kings become our refuge, and the God of Gods himself our everlasting habitation. Amen!”

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Letters from an English Traveller [Martin Sherlock, Esq.] translated from the French, originally printed at Geneva. With Notes, 4to. Cadell.

If our traveller at aiming at ease, had not fallen into the careless, we should with pleasure have considered him the legitimate, literary son of Montagne; as his letters bear such a resemblance to those of that celebrated writer.

His judgment as a critic deserves commendation; his candour every praise, and for delicacy of compliment he claims our admiration.

We extract his first letter: because it contains some circumstances that should immortalize the man who is, so justly, the admiration of all Europe—the King of Prussia.

BERLIN, Oct. 10, 1777.

“The King of Prussia is every where known as a great king, a great warrior, and a great politician; but he is not every where known as a great poet and a *good man*. Marcus Aurelius, Horace, Machiavel, and Cæsar have been his models, and he has almost surpassed them all. I have never heard of a human be-

ing that was perfect: this monarch also has his faults; but *take him for all in all, he is the greatest man that ever existed.*

"At the beginning of his life he published his Anti-Machiavel, and this was one of the completest strokes of Machiavelism that ever was made. It was a letter of recommendation of himself that he wrote to Europe at the instant when he formed the plan of seizing Silesia.

"To his subjects he is the justest of sovereigns; to his neighbours he is the most dangerous of heroes; by the former he is adored, by the latter he is dreaded. The Prussians are proud of their Great Frederick, as they always style him. They speak of him with the utmost freedom, and at the same time that they criticize severely some of his tastes, they give him the highest eulogiums. He was told that some one had spoken ill of him. He asked if that person had 100,000 men? He was answered, No. 'Very well,' said the king, 'I can do nothing; if he had 100,000 men, I would declare war against him.'

"The character of this age, in which men are the most mistaken, is this prince; and the reason is, that they confound two parts of his character, and form only one opinion on two points, each of which requires a separate opinion. The King of Prussia has occasioned the death of some thousands of men; and yet the King of Prussia is a merciful, tender, and compassionate prince. This seems a contradiction, but it is a certain truth. He must first be considered as a conqueror, where he is not suffered to listen to the voice of humanity. When heroism is out of the question, we must examine the man. It will be said that this is a subtlety. I deny it, and appeal to history: What clemency is more generally acknowledged than that of Julius Cæsar? What conqueror has shed more blood?

"I own to you, that, when I entered Prussia, I had some prejudices against the king: these are the reasons that made me change my opinion.

"He was forced to marry the queen, and though he has never lived with her, she loves him, because he has always treated her with respect, and has always had a regard for her. She has a palace at Berlin, and another at Schenhausen, where she passes the summer. Her court, which she holds twice a week, is brilliant and numerous, because it is known that the king is sensible of the attention that is shewn her. She has some hesitation in her speech; but she is the best princess in the world, and the king esteems her highly.

"The princess Amelia is oppressed with infirmities and years. She has lost the use of one arm and the sight of one eye. She has wit and an improved understanding; and the king never goes to Berlin for five hours but he passes three with this sister.

"The following incident was related to me by her Royal Highness the reigning Duchess of Brunswick: While she had the small-pox, the king went to see her; she was thought to be in great danger; he threw himself on his knees by her bed-side,

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kissed her hand, and bathed it with his tears. What a moment for a Rubens to paint the most formidable monarch in Europe paying this tribute of sensibility to a sister whom he loved! And what a fine companion for the picture of Coriolanus †, at the instant when that haughty Roman was sacrificing to an emotion of tenderness his glory, his revenge, and his life!

“Man is a discontented animal; he loves to complain: the king's subjects complain of taxes, and I have never seen any subjects who do not complain of theirs. The Prussians complain less than any others, and the reason is evident: the government is steady, impartial, and the weight of the taxes does not alter, as in other countries, but is always the same. Men every where take pleasure in speaking ill of their sovereign: God knows there never was a better king than ours, yet his subjects speak ill of him every day. To me therefore a very strong proof that the Great Frederick is good, arises from his subjects saying a little ill of him and much good. But here is another proof much stronger: he has never put a man to death; and when I tell you that he lives without guards, I fancy you will allow that to be a proof of his having an inward sense that he has never done an unjust action.

In support of our observation on his critical taste and knowledge, we present our readers with his ninth letter.

VIENNA.

“One must not leave Vienna without seeing Metastasio: he is a lively old man and an agreeable companion. He is the greatest poet that Italy has produced since Tasso: I would have said the greatest that she has ever had, were he not a living author; on which account he must not be praised too much. Read his *Canzonettes*, in particular that which begins *Grazie agl'ingannino tuo*, and say, what Italian poet has written with so much purity, so much elegance, and so much grace? He embellishes whatever he touches, and to me he appears absolutely the first that has established true principles of good taste in Italy. In those little compositions there is a native beauty and freshness in the colouring, a simplicity and delicacy in the thoughts and sentiments, that makes them enchanting.

“Metastasio is not wanting in any one of the talents that constitute a great poet. Born with good sense, with a profound and penetrating genius, and a lively and fruitful imagination, he possessed all that he could derive from nature: at twelve years of age he went into the family of the celebrated Gravina: that learned man, who saw the *insol*, the *sparkling fooleries*, and the *barren abundance* of the Italian writers, shewed Metastasio that the true source of a certain taste was the Greek authors. The young pupil caught this idea thoroughly, examined the princi-

† The king has bespoke this picture; and it is now almost finished by the celebrated Battoni at Rome.

ples of those poets, and on their principles he has laboured all his life. Italy is at present incapable of inspiring sublime sentiments; it gives a competent knowledge of the tender passions; in Italy he passed his youth; there he learned to write his *Demetrio*, his *Olympiade*, and his *Demosoonte*. At the age of twenty-five he went into Germany; his residence at Vienna, and the reading of Corneille, elevated his mind; he wrote his *Regulo* and his *Clemenza di Tito*: no author has better understood Horace; few poets have so well executed his ideas.

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons:

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.

Rescommon.

"He studied philosophy; and he did not begin to treat of a subject till he had thoroughly examined it.

Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat,

All superfluities are soon forgot,

Rescommon.

is an observation, which he knows the wisdom of; and he has written with as much rapidity as precision.

"He has been as sensible of the value of Boileau as of Horace; and he has never swerved from those great principles:

Tout doit tendre au bon-sens;

Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable.

Let sense be ever in your view;

Nothing is beautiful that is not true;

The true alone is lovely.

The persons who have composed the music for his verses, and those who sing and repeat them, are best able to judge of the harmony of his poetry: in these two classes there is only one opinion from Petersburg to Naples.

"No Italian has so well developed the emotions of the soul, nor has had such success in moving and interesting his reader. Metastasio rose to the sublime; but he was born with tenderness; and it may be said, without wronging any nation, be it who it will, that few of their poets have so well painted the tender passions, and made such strong impressions on the heart.

"When one closely examines his works, and compares them with the Gothic productions of Dante, with the absurdities of Ariosto, with the extravagances of Marini, and with the puerilities of Tasso, one is astonished at the decision of the Italians; they prefer Tasso to Metastasio, and Ariosto to Tasso; but there is no method of disputing with the Italians in regard to poetry, as they deny all the principles admitted in any other country.

"I am far from speaking here against the talents of the Italians; they have infinitely more, in my opinion, than any other nation in Europe; but these talents are uncultivated, and of many reasons the most essential is, that the country is destitute of Mæcenases.

"I hope you no longer think that I deny that Dante had an astonishing genius, and that he has some passages of the highest sublime; that the genius of Ariosto was quick and fertile; that

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no one tells a story better; that he has some descriptions exquisitely beautiful; and that his *Orlando Furioso* is a poem full of mirth and variety. Marini had a vast imagination; but he is madder than Ariosto.

"I am only the friend of truth, and if I do not deny the merit of these poets, much less shall I deny that of Tasso. Nature perhaps was less generous to him than to them; but his poems would be placed above theirs at Paris, at London, and at Athens. That the *Jerusalem Delivered* has many faults, that it has false thoughts, some play of words, and much tinsel, is certain; but it is also certain that it has much gold. The subject is most happy; the conduct of the poem in general is discreet; its step, majestic; its language, noble and well supported, and its versification always beautiful: it has the pathetic, and it has the sublime. The *Aminta* is a master-piece of elegance and sublimity, and much more perfect than the *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

"Metastasio seems to me to have more natural talents than Tasso, all his beauties, and many more, and none of his faults. He satisfies the mind, he delights, he enchants the imagination, he captivates the heart; and for these reasons he will always be the poet of men of sense, the poet of the women, and the poet of all persons who have taste."

The following letter, the fourteenth, is to be admired for some very pertinent and beautiful observations; also for its pleasing and picturesque descriptions.

NAPLES, February, 3, 1779.

It is not surprising that Virgil should make such fine verses at Naples: the air there is so soft and so pure; the sun so brilliant and so warm, and the face of nature so rich and so diversified, that the imagination is sensible of a vivacity and vigour which it never perceives in any other countries.

"I am not a poet, but I am very fond of verses, and I have never read them with more pleasure than here. Every time that I go to my window, I feel myself electrified, my spirits revive, my imagination warms, and my soul becomes susceptible of the gentlest and sublimest impressions. This will not surprise you when I have only mentioned the objects which there present themselves to view.

"On the right is the hill of Posilipo, whose form is most agreeable; it is semi-circular, and adorned to the summit with trees and pleasure-houses; from its point, which loses itself in the sea, this mountain insensibly increases till it arrives behind the centre of Naples, and on its summit is seen a vast tower, which overlooks the city, and crowns the scene. On the left appears a chain of very high mountains which surround the other side of the gulph, and whose rugged boldness forms a most happy contrast with the elegant and cultivated beauties of Posilipo:—Shakespeare and Corneille would always have looked on the side of Vesuvius; Racine and Pope on the side of Posilipo,

"The

"The Volcano is the most interesting of mountains by its form which is a very beautiful cone, by its height, and above all, by its neighbourhood to the city: it smokes incessantly, and seems always to threaten Naples with the fate of Sodom, to consume it with fire and brimstone. At its foot is Portici, and all along the side are towns * hanging from the mountains which form the portion of a circle of ninety miles.

"The sea is under my window, and besides the ideas which it presents itself as the most interesting object in nature next to the sun, by its grandeur, its beauty, and the variety of its appearances, it here shews all the riches of commerce by the large ships which are passing every moment. I often rise before day to enjoy the breath of the morning, and the superb description which the illustrious Rousseau gives of the rising of the sun. In no horizon does he appear with so much splendor, no where else does he so well deserve the epithet of *aureus* †. He rises behind Vesuvius to illuminate the pleasant hill of Posilipo, and the bosom of the most beautiful gulph in the universe, smooth as a mirror, and filled with vessels all in motion. The object which terminates the perspective is the island of Capréa, famous for the retreat of Tiberius and the rocks of the Sirens: on viewing it, one remembers that towards those rocks the prudent Ulysses stopped his ears; and that, nor far from thence, the less wise Hannibal gave himself up to the pleasures of harmony, and to the caresses of the enchanting Camilla."

His three letters containing his conferences with Voltaire, deserve being transcribed, if it were only to give an example that even the most artful will oftentimes betray their disposition. It is plain, Voltaire thought himself a Newton, the greatest genius of the world. Such an idea must arise from pride and error. Although Voltaire had great judgment, we not allow him the proper judge of himself, nor to possess the standard measure of genius.—We almost wonder his vanity would suffer him to acknowledge any other genius besides himself. From the temper of the man, we may venture to affirm he would not have acknowledged even Newton, had he been either an historian or a poet.

What he says of England appears more the dictates of envy than of admiration. In some instances he loses the gentleman in the partialist. But what had Voltaire to do with gentility? He, who could ungratefully affront the friend-

* Sorrento, one of those towns, is the country of Tasso.

† *Idcirco certis dimensum partibus orbem,
Per duodena regit mundi sol aureus astra.*

The golden sun, through twelve bright signs the year
Rules, and the earth in several climes divides.

ship of Majesty, we must not expect could preserve a common decency in censuring a country to its native. W.

Observations made during a Tour through Parts of England, Scotland, and Wales. In a series of Letters. Quarto, no Price. Becket.

Of all the employments about which the human mind is occupied, there seems to be none so well adapted to satisfy that curiosity and desire of novelty natural to man, as travelling. There is no set of travellers so agreeable as those of the sentimental cast, who, by expatiating on the beauties of nature and art, convey the most pleasing sensations. Our author in this work has taken care to intersperse among his narratives and descriptions very pleasing reflections and meditations upon various subjects: the following we shall lay before our readers.

"As I walked along the terrace of this ancient structure (Wind-
sor) ruminating on the many monuments of human vanity, which I had been examining, my mind naturally turned to that subject which we have frequently discussed; namely, the tenure on which we seem at present to possess the principles of our existence. Man! wonderful in his creation, and no less incomprehensible in the movements of his soul, puzzled me in every view that I could place him: look but around, said I to myself, and in one instance you will find him liberal; in another penury shall prey upon his vitals. Religion and morality, blasphemy and fraud shall actuate him by turns. Kindness and affection shall be at the one moment pleasing, and at the other disgusting to his senses. Strange contradiction! but such is the animal, denominated human. How many pages, how many volumes have been written to prove the natural goodness, natural depravity, or the united influence of both these principles in the mind of man. And yet, how wide, how very wide, are we still from a certainty on this head! This day we are told, that God ordaineth every thing for the best, that whatsoever is, is right: that partial evil is a general good. The next comes a philosopher on a different hypothesis: the life of man, he tells you, is embittered by sorrows and misfortune. Disease and infirmity, by his creed, croud upon you with unremitting fury. The rage of nature is not more inveterate than that of physical evil. In short, every thing is imperfect; and whether, from original sin, or from destiny, man is doomed to misery in this world, and to eternal torments possibly in the next.

"Speculatively right, however, as the first of these doctrines may be, there is still too much of certainty and apprehension in the

the latter, to admit of every person's being an optimist. Discriminate and argue as we please, there is evidently an abundance of both good and evil amongst us. How to pursue the first, and to shun the latter, should be the serious study of every individual of society. Coercion is of use, when dishonesty gets abroad; but mischief should be prevented. Every man should determine on doing to others, as he would be done unto himself. The voice of nature will always urge him to what is right. Let him but govern his own passions, and the whole universe will move in harmony to his sight."

Our author's descriptions are in general lively, animated, and picturesque; sometimes, as in the following specimen, pathetic.

"We next returned to Hagley, where every thing appeared in so different a style, that you must exert your patience, while I attempt to conduct you through the beauties of that terrestrial paradise. The mansion at Hagley was newly built by the late Lord Lyttelton, whose memory must be ever revered. It is large and commodious, and most exquisitely fitted up. Nothing tawdry, nothing expensive, but all conceived with the happiest taste, and most admirably executed. In passing through the rooms, I could not but feel a glow of veneration at every step we took. Here, thought I, that great man sat and contemplated; there he studied the History of Men and Manners. In short, every corner printed him to my imagination, and I could not but bless the fate of him, who with all these objects in his mind, could exultingly say, this was my father."

After giving an account of the different paintings in the rooms below, our author proceeds thus:

"After leaving the lower floors, we ascended to the bed-chambers, which we found elegantly arranged and furnished; but what was our astonishment; when all of a sudden, and in one of the humblest apartments of the range, our old conductress told us that here her good lord had died. Awe and reverence immediately seized hold of us. We contemplated in silence the place in which so good a man had winged his soul to immortality. The floor seemed hallowed as we trod. Speech became absorbed in thought; we softly withdrew, and felt what it is not possible to describe. After this, nothing more could possibly be seen. We therefore descended; but as we passed along, a certain something enticed us into an apartment incrustated with spar, and shells, and a variety of minerals and fossils. It seemed the secret cell of some minister of goodness. It stopped us for the moment, but onward we proceeded.

"Charmed thus with the house, we next had the park to ramble through and admire. But here indeed I must beg your indulgence. My pen is inadequate to the task. It soils the very life and faculty of description. Conceive, however, to yourself, a beautiful enamelled lawn, swelled in all the elegance of art and nature, for
a distance

a distance of about four miles; while hill, dale, and grove, delightfully interspersed, render it as perfect an elysium as can possibly be conceived."

It is in this pleasing style he proceeds to describe the other beauties of this terrestrial Paradise. We would have extracted the whole passage, but of this the limits of our Review will not admit. Besides other agreeable particulars, he gives an account of a silk manufactory at Overton; and of the china and carpeting manufactories at Worcester. The author then proceeds to inform us of many particulars relative to the Peak; and of his descent into a lead mine; he also gives an account of many subterranean caverns, in which he has been. These various and surprising expeditions render this work very worthy the notice of those curious in examining the amazing works of nature.

He gives us the following idea of Scots hospitality.

"Much as we had heard talk of Scots hospitality, we yet could not have conceived that it ever could be carried to the extreme in which we found it to exist. Our first intent was merely to stay one night with our friend; instead of which, the neighbouring gentlemen, leaguering themselves against us, kept us, *vi et armis*, amongst them for a considerable number of days: no sooner had we been with one, than another threw in his claim; and thus, loading us with a profusion of unmerited kindness, they baffled our firmest resolves, and compelled us to enjoy as much satisfaction and delight, as enlightened, well-bred, liberal society could possibly afford: and lest this should not be enough, four of the principal gentlemen insisted upon accompanying us through the highlands, and actually did so."

The following instance of rural, unaffected simplicity and innocence is very well drawn.

"From Taymouth we next continued along the northern side of the Loch, in our way passing by innumerable falls and cataracts which constantly feed it with supplies, and thence crossing a river, arrived at Killin, at the western extremity of the lake. It being late in the evening when we left Taymouth, the night had far encroached upon us when we had got half way; the moon, however, shone with unusual resplendency; the air was perfectly calm and untroubled; the lake was transparent as a mirror; not a cloud obtruded on the sight: all wore, in short, the appearance of harmony and peace. In this manner, surrounded by the most charming and heart-felt objects of the creation, we serenely rode along: we suddenly, however, were aroused by a voice chanting forth a love-lorn song to the bright mistress of the night. Most of the company being in carriages, another gentleman and myself, with a whole troop of servants, stopped immediately before the place whence the sound proceeded: here we found a young damsel of about seventeen, two little boys reclining themselves on the

grafs beside her, and her harmless kine, charmed as it were with music, listening with earnestness behind. The sight was bewitching! Innocence taught her not to be afraid; she continued her song, and seemed to be inspired the more she saw we were pleased with her exertions: native goodness is wonderfully winning and attractive. We instantly accosted her in terms of kindness and affection; she answered in the same tone. The labour of the evening at an end (she told us) she and her brothers had strayed to this spot; her cows had followed her; weariness had prompted them to repose; gratitude, however was due, and that gratitude she was paying to the author of her being. But indeed, says she, I will not tell you all; neither will I continue with my song, unless you oblige me in my desire, and drink a little milk, the only refreshment I have to offer. The request was too courteous to be evaded; the heart-strings melted at the touch. We instantly complied, and emptied the vessel which she presented to us. Now then, says she, I will begin again, my cows too will thank you for your goodness; we are constant friends; they love their mistresses; nor will they murmur at contributing to her happiness. Thus saying, she turned to the one that was nearest to her, and placing herself at her side, began an air that riveted us to the spot: the night was, however stealing on apace; her parents expected her home; she therefore arose and blest us. Our warmest wishes of affection flew in fervency after her; she soon was out of sight. All that we had, left, therefore, was silently to withdraw, and from our souls to deprecate comfort on the head of so harmless and benevolent a being."

The above piece is written in the most agreeable and pleasing style; but the expression *deprecate comfort* is a very singular one, as the word *deprecate* implies a contrary meaning from that which seems to be the sense of the author. His language throughout is easy and flowing; but he sometimes in the same sentence falls from the poetical to the prosaic style. What seems to us most improper in the work before us, though by some it may be deemed a recommendation, are the prolix catalogues of paintings, busts, antiques, &c. in the different mansions where he has been. But in this our author is not singular, as the most eminent of our *travelling-writers* have been equally guilty of this foible.

Upon the whole, however, our author has shewn great judgment and taste, and has made many pertinent and judicious remarks. The pleasure we have received from the perusal of this work makes us hope, that the author will meet with that encouragement, which his ingenious observations seem, in our opinion, to deserve.

An Ode to the Memory of the Right Reverend Thomas Wilson, late Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. By the Reverend W. Tasker, A. B. Author of the Ode to the Warlike Genius of Great Britain, &c. 4to. 1s.

In our last Review, we presented the public with an Ode called SPECULATION, which dropt from the plume of this Pindaric spirit, and which was, if we mistake not, amongst the Poems written on that subject for the vase of *Batheaston*, at the poetical villa of LADY MILLER, well known to the public by the Letters of an *English Woman*, as well as by this Parnassæan institution, which affords persons of taste and leisure an opportunity of exerting their talents *innocently* in a very dissipated age.

Mr. TASKER hath here given us a kind of poetical prelude to the writings of the late *Bishop of Sodor and Man*, which we find are now at press, under the inspection of his son Dr. Wilson.

It is very well *timed*, and upon the *WHOLE*, a very well *written* compliment to the memory of the worthy prelate. Well *timed* indeed, upon *two* accounts: not only as it agreeably announces the Works in question, but as it offers another specimen of the efforts of a writer who is engaged in the arduous task, as he tells us in a former publication, of translating the Odes of *Pindar*: or such at least as were not given us by the ingenious and learned Mr. *West*.

Ever ready to protect the rays of genius, from whatever point of the poetical hemisphere they break upon us, we still give this Poem to the public *entire*. Not, however, pronouncing it valuable as a *whole*, but, as good by *parts*. We have mark'd in *italics*, for the use of this writer, several lines which, in comparison of some of his others, are contemptible. Farther criticism is unnecessary.

I.

" No:—I invoke not thee, Aonian Maid!

Tho' duly priz'd and exquisitely fair;

Tho' Phœbus' laurel grace thy flowing hair;

Nor call thy virgin sisters to my aid.

Above their fabled shades, my thoughts aspire

To where Urania strikes th' immortal string;

Oh, might I but at distance hear, and bring,

With feeble voice adapted to my lyre,

Some scatter'd notes of her's from that celestial choir!

II.

Not War* alone demands my lays,
 Nor heroes, † whom their country's plaudits raise
 High in the temple of renown:
 Each milder virtue, where it lies
 Shunning the glare of day, with piercing eyes
 Truth sees delighted; and inspires the muse,
 Diffusing round ethereal dews,
 With freshest wreath the brow of Worth to crown.

III.

Since the bright star of gospel light,
 Shone through the cloud of Gothic night,
 And with celestial radiance deign'd to smile
 On Britannia's happy isle;
 Since mitred prelates, at the spotless shrine
 Of true Religion bow'd the knee,
 And pale-ey'd Superstition fled,
 Where did the mitre's lustre fairer shine,
 (Meekness attempting dignity)
 Than when with rays divine encircling Wilton's head.

IV.

E'en from his earlier years,
 Rising above the grosser spheres,
 To human science' perishable lore,
 He join'd celestial wisdom's copious store:
 Tho' born of high illustrious line,
 Descendant of the ‡ Palatine,
 Tho' he drew his ancient blood
 From the bold undaunted flood
 That boil'd in Norman William's fiery breast;
 The crossier'd shepherd, unallied
 To the stern Conqueror's tyrant pride,
 With more refin'd and softer nature blest'd,
 Affliction's drooping sons carest'd,
 Rais'd up the children of Despair;
 Where had pierc'd corrosive Care,
 Where Pain and Penury had fix'd their dart,
 He o'er the wounds the genial balm bestow'd,

* Alluding to the author's Ode to the Warlike Genius of Great-Britain.

† Alluding to the author's Congratulatory Ode to Admiral Keppel, &c.

‡ The Bishop was descended from Hugh Lupus, Earl Palatine of Chester, who was nephew to William the Conqueror.

While forth the milk of human kindness flow'd,
An healing stream, warm from his inmost heart!

V.

While Content my path illumines,
Far hence, Ambition, stretch thy plumes!
Hence lucre's base desire! *he cries:*
But thou conversing with the skies,
In robes of white unblemish'd faith, appear:
Let angel Piety be near!
And on Monœda's* rugged land
Let Charity complacent stand,
Essential grace of heavenly birth,
Pattern of Godlike worth on earth,
Her many-colour'd wing unfold,
The shivering pilgrim rescue from the cold, }
Bid Hunger feed, and modest Want be bold!
Oh! teach me thus to imitate the plan
Of Deity himself transform'd to man!

VI.

Nor vain his prayer:—For, from their bright abode,
Cherubic Piety appear'd,
And spotless-cinctur'd Faith her forehead rear'd,
And loveliest Charity before him stood:
They came, and on Monœda's sea-beat shore,
Want of its sting beguild,
While pining Hunger † smil'd,
The Christian graces throng'd his dome around,
Benevolence her liberal zone unbound,
And open'd wide, to all, his hospitable door.

VII.

By thee, O Wilton, check'd, impell'd, refin'd,
Was form'd young Stanley's ‡ generous mind;
Thy fostering hand the noble youth
Conducted thro' the paths of truth,
To virtue's towering height,
(Whence beams her radiant light)

* Ptolemy calls the Isle of Man Monœda, quasi Mona Remota, to distinguish it from Mona, Anglesey.

† The Bishop appropriated half his income for the use of the poor of the Isle of Man, feeding and cloathing all the poor of the island, though his whole income never exceeded five hundred pounds a year.

‡ The Rev. Thomas Wilton, while curate of Winnick, was tutor to Lord Strange, son of the Earl of Derby, a very promising young nobleman, who died at Lisbon while on his travels, in the twenty-first year of his age.

Tutor'd by thee, to climb the arduous steep of fame
 His bosom caught the kindred flame;
 By thee, with noblest sentiments inspir'd,
 By thee, with patriot emulation fir'd,
With talents that a sinking state might save;
 But to its fatal aim, how true!
 Unseen the mortal arrow flew,
 And sunk the work of wisdom to an early grave.

VIII.

Why fainter glows poetic fire?
 Why jars with dissonance the lyre?
 I see the blush of shame arise,
 Upon the ethereal muse's cheek;
 From holy truth's indignant eyes
 I see the flash of anger break.—
Where were ye, powers angelic! say
 Where from your sacred office did ye stray?
 When Oppression's iron rod^{*}
 Dar'd to afflict the—man of God?
 If pure Religion's self must feel
 The rack of Persecution's wheel,
 If woe and sufferings be her dower,
 Who shall escape the giant hand of Power!

IX.

Or say, bright essences above?
Is such the hard condition of our birth?
 Thus do ye try the saints on earth,
 Thus with Affliction's touchstone Virtue prove?
 That from her fiery trial she may brighter shine,
 Exalting human nature to divine.

X.

So Wilton shone.—The mists of dark disgrace
 Rais'd envious to o'ershade his face,
 Flew, like some night-born vapour's floating stream,
 Before the solar warmth, and strong meridian beam.

* For his strenuous exertions in favour of church discipline, the Bishop was fined by an arbitrary governor, himself in 50l. and his two Vicars-General in 20l. each; on refusing to pay this fine they were sent to the prison of Castle Rushin, where they were confined two months, till they appealed to King George the First, and his Council, by whose sentence they were honourably acquitted.

N. B. A Vicar-General, in the Isle of Man, is an office similar to a Bishop's Chancellor in England.

The whole of this transaction, the author is informed, will be related in his Life, to be prefixed to his Works, now printing by subscription, in two Vols. 4to.

Mazy

Mazy, but just, are all the ways of heaven!
 Tho' often merit seems to shrink aghast,
 Expos'd to Fate's tempestuous blast;
 Yet on its head, e'en in this world below,
 From heaven's high King superior blessings flow.
 To thee, *pure subject* of my song! were given
 His choicest favours: thine were length of years,
 Each joy which self-applauding conscience bears;
 Reflection's golden-imag'd train,
 Which banish every mental pain,
 While in pity to frail man,
 By thy example taught, and precepts sage,
 To thee was stretch'd life's narrow span,
 Protracted to a * Patriarch's age.
 At placid eve, e'en like the gently setting sun,
 Thy finish'd course of earthly pilgrimage was run;
 When like a ripen'd sheaf of corn,
 Mature in heavenly works, thou to thy grave waft borne;
 Destin'd completion of thy birth,
 Thy mortal part mix'd with its parent earth.—
 Tho' dead the man, no death the saint shall find,
 But in the living page inspire mankind:
 Celestial truth shall from his ashes rise,
 On Jesse's sacred branch aspiring to the skies." C.

Emma Corbett; or, *The Miseries of Civil War. Founded on some recent Circumstances which happened in America.* By the Author of the *Pupil of Pleasure, Liberal Opinions, Shensstone Green, &c. &c.* In 3 vols. 12mo. Price 7s. 6d. Baldwin.

' To touch the soul by tender strokes of art,
 ' To raise the genius and to mend the heart,'

Are, saith Mr. Pope, the motives which first urged the tragic muse to tread the stage. But, surely these motives do not more warmly urge the muse of the *theatre*, than that pathetic muse of *narration* who, with less pomp and equal pathos, raises the genius and mends the heart in the *CLOSET*. The language of the *first* indeed hath every advantage which can be derived from scenic decorations, and from oral delivery; the aids of which *united*, are frequently sufficient to hide a thousand blemishes, no less than to set off a variety of beauties. On the other hand, as the muse of *narration*

* The Bishop died at the age of ninety-three.

depends

depends more on the charms of *silent* eloquence, and hath not one extrinsic ornament to illumine the *dead lettered page*, (which without any dazzling, is submitted to the reader) her task is proportionably difficult. So too is her honour more distinguished, when she is, by the force of natural sensibility, 'tender strokes of art,' which the poet speaks of, able to surmount obstructions, and vie with a rival trick'd off in all the allurements of the drama. The tragic muse adorned in her paraphernalia, resembles some mighty Sultana, dressed forth for public spectacle, with every feature *taught* to attract, and every motion *disciplined* to seduce. The muse of narration is like some more humble fair, who is, literally,

'When unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.'

Clad in the native robes of truth and simplicity, 'her best attire,' she appeals *unostentatiously* to the human heart. No public triumphs, no obstreperous shouts belong to her. One *tear shed in PRIVATE* is, she thinks, of more value than them all. She flies from the 'loud huzzas' of the mob; she shrinks from the acclamations of an audience, and takes refuge unheard and unseen, in many a tender bosom: that is her proper mansion, and from thence she breathes the eloquence, which, though not vociferous, is sweet, and though not vain, is victorious.

We are led into these remarks by a perusal of the performance, which is the subject of the present article. It is beyond all lines of comparison the chef-d'oeuvre of the ingenious writer; and we assert this, without detracting in any degree, from the merits of his former compositions, or recanting a single syllable that hath, either by us, or others, been said in *their* favour. But we shall not close so decisively, without more explicit reasons given for our commendation. To be ingenuous then, we prefer this to every prior effort of our author, not only as it is, abundantly, a more *affecting*, but as it is a more *amiable* production: it will have the merit of making the finest passions, depicted in their utmost force, 'move at the command of virtue: *love* does not here appear as a wanton but as a cherub. The intrigue of the novelist is wholly rejected; it is nature which here speaks to our senses; it is *truth* which here dictates to pity, and is heard.

The actual, tho' extraordinary, *facts* which serve as a foundation to this superstructure, do indeed, as the author observes, fasten so strongly on the human feelings, that a heart must be very obdurate not to be penetrated. To anticipate the incidents of the piece, by relating them in abridgement,

would

would not be very acceptable : for we could not do it without lessening the force of those interesting surprises, and affecting turns of sentiment and adventure, which, gradually unfold themselves in the progress of the work : and yet, as some sort of analysis is, officially, expected of us, the public purveyors of literary entertainment, it may be proper to suggest that, the History of Emma Corbett is built upon *real and recent* circumstances.

The fate and fortunes of Mrs. Ross, form the basis of this beautiful fabric, than which nothing was ever more fortunate, or more seasonable.—*Fortunate*, because Otway himself exhibits nothing more truly tender, and *seasonable*, because the common calamity of the times gives to the *political* traits which are blended with the *pathetic*, of the characters, a most remarkable propriety.—It is, in truth, not without admiration we observe the address with which the author hath interwoven all the circumstances of our *national* miseries, with the tenderest incidents and dearest interests of *private families*, suffering under those miseries.

The press hath, for several years, echoed the groans of the nation ; and, under every form of publication, teemed with works on the civil broils which subsist between us and our colonies. The *pro*, and *con*, have been agitated with redoubled, and, alas, with unavailing opposition on *both* sides. But parties collect and dissolve rage, and are silent without regard : and we read of the *general* ravages of war, considered merely as *an affair of state*, with little or no emotion. If we are *indeed* to feel, and to be made sensible of our dangers or our distresses, they must both be brought HOME to us : they must be displayed, with all their horrors, as they tear up the tenderneesses, and dismember the comforts and supports of *private* life : they must shew the *domestic* anguish of lacerated relations, and of the house ‘set against itself,’ as well as draw the portrait of that æra when

“ The sons against the fathers stood,
And parents shed their children’s blood.”

This task then was reserved for the author of the volumes before us.—It is not often that an *opportunity* offers of effecting this. An age might elapse and furnish nothing so auspicious or so suitable as the present instance ; and the author was determined not to let it elude an attention, which, indeed, appears to be unremittingly fixed on, the happiest incidents ‘living as they rise,’ for, as in *morals*, the Earl of Chesterfield’s Letters had been the butt of *general* and *preceptual* criticism, till the world was tired of such kind of censure,

sure, our author received the after-stroke of the *Pupil of Pleasure*, (wherein all his Lordship's *simulating* maxims were pointedly *personified*, and *practically* exploded) so, in *military* transactions, now that we are glutted with *politics*, he marks out to us the tracts of human blood in so new and moving a manner, in colourings so bold, and in language so eloquent, that pity seems to take part with policy; and the struggles of the patriot and the parent, the lover, and the hero, alternately plead before us.

In justice to so remarkable and novel a performance, as happily conceived as ingeniously executed, we have already extended our comment beyond the usual length, and must, therefore, postpone any *specimen* of the work till our next Review; although, not wholly to disappoint our readers' expectations, we shall present them with some verses written by the hero, Mr. Hammond, to Emma Corbett, with a present of some PENS, given by the former previous to his going abroad. As they are detached, they will not interfere with any future extracts which we may be tempted to make; at the same time that we persuade ourselves that our readers will not be unthankful for our insertion of these.

"Verses from Mr. Hammond to Emma, with a present of some Pens, given at parting.

I.

"Go, ingenious artists, to her,
All ambitious to be prest;
Dear disclosers of sensation!
Agents of the gentle breath.

II.

Whiter than your whitest feather,
Is the hand which you'll embrace;
Yet *more* white the fair affection,
Whose emotions you shall trace.

III.

Go, and take a charge upon you,
Passing tender, passing dear;
Oh, the trust you bear is wondrous!
Gentle agents, be sincere.

IV.

Every sacred secret making,
Gods! how precious ye will prove!
Softest sympathies imparting,
Are ye not the plumes of Love?

V. When

V.

When first floating on the river,
 Lovely was your limpid way ;
 Lovely was the silver surface,
 Lovely was your wat'ry play

VI.

But for pastime still *more* lovely,
 Your *sweet* feathers *now* I send ;
 What *so* lovely, prithee tell me,
 As the service of a friend ?

VII.

Faithful to the fair deposits,
 Your *least* stroke shall reach my heart !
 In its elegant recesses,
 Shall be *fix'd* what you impart.

VIII.

Then, dear instruments, I charge ye,
 Often tempt my Emma's eyes ;
 Bid her press your downy feathers,
 Bid her *speed* the soft replies.

IX.

Not the plumes, which line her pillow,
 Half so delicate shall prove ;
 (When, all kind her pulses tremble)
 As your downy shafts of *Love*,

X.

Ye shall note her joy and anguish,
 Gentle agents, be sincere !
 Send me half each drop of sorrow ;
 Rob me not of half each tear.

XI.

Beauteous as the dews of morning,
 When they bathe the lovely show'r,
 Are the lucid drops of *Feeling*,
 When from *fondness* falls the show'r.

XII.

Mark, I claim my just *division*,
 Mark, I promise just *return* ;
 Some of your white-wing'd associates
 Must inform her how I mourn.

XIII.

When long leagues our persons sever,
 Ye our wishes shall convey;
 Ye shall tell the pangs of *parting*,
 Ye shall mark the *meeting* day.

XIV.

Save me, pow'rs! that strike the pulses,
 When invades the quick surprize,
 Yonder comes the gentle Emma,
 Hither she directs her eyes.

XV.

How the feather I am using
 Trembles to the trembling heart!
 Agents, here behold a pattern!
 See a sample of your art.

XVI.

Thus to *me* were Emma writing,
 (And her thoughts like Henry's kind)
 Sympathy would shake each feather,
 All expressive of the mind.

XVII.

Go then, take this charge upon you,
 Passing tender, passing dear,
 Oh, the charge you bear is wondrous!
 Gentle agents, be sincere.

D.

The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. now first collected with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, in 2 vols. Rivington, &c.

The collector of the pieces [now before us is T. Evans, bookseller in the Strand, who, like most Editors, is very lavish in his encomiums on the merit of his author, and does not scruple to place him in the first rank of the poets of the present age. In order to justify this extraordinary declaration he has written, or rather enlarged, memoirs formerly written, of Dr. Goldsmith, as he was out of courtesy called by his friends, for he certainly never had the diploma of doctor, nor was he ever admitted to administer physic to any of his own species. In these memoirs the only new circum-

circumstances which we learn, are that young Goldsmith was admitted in Trinity college Dublin, as a sizer or servitor to wait upon the other students at their meals; that he travelled through some parts of Europe as a beggar, depending upon the powers of his flute for an eleemosynary meal; that his brother, who was as poor and hopeless as himself, "gave up fame and fortune," which he never possessed, and retired with an amiable wife to an income of forty pounds a year; that "his mind" (the Doctor's) not he, an entire stranger in London, was filled with the most gloomy apprehensions, in consequence of his embarrassed situation; and that "the publication of his Traveller, his Vicar of Wakefield, and his History of England, was followed by the performance of his comedy of the Good-natured Man, and placed him in the first rank of the poets of the present age." How the publication of his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and his *History of England*, followed by the performance of his *Good-natured Man*, could give him this rank we are at a loss to determine; but we believe that Mr. Evans, being but a young author and a bookseller, was enlightened by the hopes of procuring a good sale of his good Doctor's works.

Besides all these wonders, we find that in a fit of poetical phrenzy he assaulted, in his own house, a certain bookseller, who unfortunately deranged a little the œconomy of his brain, and would perhaps have totally demolished it, had it not been for the kind, and timely interposition, of our much lamented co-adjutor, the late Dr. Kenrick, who, though attacked publicly and wantonly in the Chapter Coffee-house by Mr. Goldsmith, in a conversation with a gentleman well known in the literary world, and without any antecedent provocation, had still enough of the milk of human kindness in him to rescue our author from the fiery violence of his insulted antagonist. And here let us do justice to a character that has been little understood, but much traduced. The late Dr. Kenrick, who had much acquired knowledge and more original genius, was not unconscious of his own superior talents, and could not easily submit to affronts from persons whom he felt his inferiors as men, however prejudicial to his interest retaliation might prove. Accordingly, when he became the subject of abuse to Mr. Goldsmith, he could not help occasionally expressing his contempt for an author, whose writings, conversation and person, so naturally excited ridicule; and who was acceptable in some literary societies only because he was the constant object of laughter.

The

The same observation is applicable to his dispute with Mr. Garrick, who, though a great actor and a wit, had his weak side, and could not endure Dr. Kenrick, because he was superior to that adulation, which the ears of his scenick majesty had been accustomed to hear. Far be it from us to attempt an entire justification either of Dr. Kenrick or Mr. Garrick in their quarrel. We know that each was too hot and choleric, and allowed his resentment to exceed the bounds of moderation and decorum. We shall only remark that, as it was in Mr. Garrick's power to do an assential injury to his antagonist in theatrical matters, it is no wonder that Dr. Kenrick's breast was enflamed with the spirit of retaliation. The absurd predilection discovered by Mr. Garrick for the infamous author of some pitiful operas, afforded but too colourable a pretext for the attack. It is not that we credit the whispers of the day on that head, or that we think that from his long stay on the south of the Alps he had contracted the Italian vice. Notwithstanding his connection with Italians we never looked on the late Roscious as very classical; and it would be very unfortunate, if neglecting their perfections he should have adopted the most detestable of their imperfections as his own. He is no more; peace be to his manes. With all his defects, and he had many, we shall not easily look upon his like again.

Dr. Kenrick is here said to have asked pardon of Mr. Garrick in the public Newspapers. This is a misrepresentation; for the substance of his declaration was that he meant nothing personal, and that the whole was intended as a mere *jeu d'esprit*. The Editor says that the Doctor in a conversation with him, declared that '*he did it only to plague the fellow,*' and that the Editor '*never more conversed with such a man.*' But who will pay much attention to a pragmatical Editor, who, in order to tarnish the memory of the deceased, betrays private conversation? If we may use a vulgar proverb, we would advise Mr. Evans, before he throws stones at the windows of another's house, to consider that his own is made of glass. Is he sure that his character is so immaculate as to render his company desirable; or that the cause of his having never afterwards conversed with Dr. Kenrick did not proceed more from the Doctor's than from his antipathy?

Let us return to Mr. Evans's Memoirs of Goldsmith; from which we learn that he was subject to fits of despondence and gaming, '*with the arts of which he was very little acquainted,*'

acquainted, and became a prey to unprincipled men.' How with the arts of gaming he became a prey it is the business of our young author to explain. His plan of publishing an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences was, we learn, rejected by the booksellers, though he had the promise of articles from Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick and Dr. Johnson; and this he considered to his dying day as one of his greatest misfortunes. If these gentlemen really promised their assistance, it is a proof that they were either little acquainted with the nature of such an undertaking, or knew not their man; for his knowledge of Mathematics, a science indispensable in such a work, was next to nothing. Among many examples of his deficiency in this respect that might be given, we shall produce but one. Discouraging once with him at the Chapter Coffee-house, about the causes of the excessive cold experienced towards the Antartick pole, we happened to advance as one cause, that in the course of the year, the sun is about eight days longer in the Northern than in the Southern signs. This assertion he at once pronounced with all the airs of superior science to be a palpable absurdity. We referred him to Maupertuis's letter to the King of Prussia for a confirmation of the doctrine. 'Maupertuis!' said he; 'I know more of the matter than Maupertuis.' We, who did not then know that he was in treaty with the booksellers, who were present, about the compilation of an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, immediately demonstrated the proposition, and directed him and all that were present to the page of Rutherford's lectures whence the demonstration was taken. His vanity was mortified, and his effrontery confounded. The project of the Dictionary perished in embryo; and we believe that he never ventured afterwards to boast of his mathematical learning before strangers. But why should we talk of the mathematical skill of a man who asserts in one of his pieces that the *two* angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, or of the absurdities of an author whose merit depends much upon his absurdities? Like his countryman Swift, he seems to have had some loose water floating in his head, and to that accident we probably owe the greatest part of the oddities and laughable combinations of ideas to be found in that mass of rubbish left us by both. It is a pity that his head was not dissected, as the operation might have led us to the genuine origin of much Hibernian wit. If this hint be adopted with regard to a certain Irish orator, we shall perhaps

perhaps be able to trace to their fountain head some of his notions of the *sublime and beautiful*.

The next remarkable occurrence in this great man's life was, to use an Irish idiom, his death. Whether it was that the battle with the bookfeller had cracked his skull, or that he had an inclination to shew how little he understood of his profession, he must needs swallow a dose of James's powder; and accordingly he fell a victim to that nauseous and dangerous remedy. But who would not do as much to have a marble monument in Westminster Abbey in Poets Corner, adorned with a Latin inscription by Dr. Johnson? 'Oliveri Goldsmith—Hoc Monumentum memoriam coluit, sodalium amor, amicorum fides, lectorum veneratio.' Mark the philosophical precision of making the monument the principal in this sentence, and the attachment of his friends and readers the accessory; and you will acknowledge that the poet and his panegyrist deserved a place in Poets Corner; and that Westminster Abby is not prostituted to the vanity of impotent bards and tasteless critics. There are too ways of acquiring literary fame in this metropolis. The first and the most difficult is by really deserving it; and the second is by associating with a knot of bookfellers and second-rate authors, who are in possession of Newspapers, Reviews, and Magazines, deal out praise or censure according to their interest, and lead the herd of vulgar readers by dint of impudence and noise. Such was the rise of Goldsmith, and upon such foundation does his reputation now stand. We do not mean to insinuate that he is totally without merit, as every character is mixt. We only contend that in all his pieces mediocrity preponderates, and that every now and then you are disgusted with a dash of folly. Mr. Evans certainly will not subscribe to this opinion; but we presume the foregoing strictures will enable every reader to make a just estimate of his critical taste and skill. If due allowances be made to the partiality of a friend, to whom he had, as the butt of convivial ridicule, often afforded much sport, the following character of him by Mr. Garrick will be found as exact and just as it is picturesque and pleasant.

Jupiter and Mercury, a Fable.

'Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow;
Go fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow;

Right

Right

Witho
Be sur
A grea
Now m
Turn t
With t
Tip hi
That t
Set fire
For th
This f
Thoug
And ar
When
You,

A Cana
Com
men
pres
dict
sons

The
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Vo

Right and wrong shall be jumbled,—some gold and much dross,

Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross;
 Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
 A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions;
 Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
 Turn to *learning* and *gaming*, *religion* and *raking*.
 With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
 Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste;
 That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
 Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail:
 For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,
 This *scholar*, *rake*, *Christian*, *dupe*, *gamester*, and *poet*:
 Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
 And among brother mortals—be GOLDSMITH his name;
 When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
 You, *Hermes*, shall fetch him—to make us sport here.

A Candid Examination of the Reasons for depriving the East India Company of its Charter contained in the History and Management of the East India Company from its commencement to the present Time, together with Strictures on some of the Self-contradictions and Historical Errors of Dr. Adam Smith, in his Reasons for the abolition of the said Company. Bew and Sewell, 1s. 6d.

The author of the history of the East India company has in our opinion clearly proved what he attempted to prove, the injustice of the company to the nabob of Arcot; and neither this author, nor what is more, the directors have pretended to controvert his facts or conclusions. Whence then this pamphleteer's outcry? 'Unlimited power, says the writer of the history of the East India company, *may* in the hands of a single person be prevented from the degenerating into acts of tyranny by the terrors of ignominy or by personal fears. But a body of men vested with authority is seldom swayed by restraints of either kind.' Now this possible case depending upon the verb *may*, our pamphleteer by exchanging *may* for *must* has made the foundation of groundless invective against the historian, and of tedious argument to the reader. "Our historian," says he, "having thus given his philosophical reasons why arbitrary power *must* be just and humane," &c. &c. After the detection of such an imposition, who can pay any regard to an author who has built his whole superstructure on so sandy a foundation? He seems to be equally unfortunate in his attack on Dr. Adam Smith, who has asserted

that the Portuguese carried on an open free trade to the East Indies for a century with great advantage. To disprove this position the pamphlet appeals to the history of Portuguese Asia, prefixed to the English *Lusiad*, where, he says, the copy of the king's commission to the viceroys of India evinces it to have been a regal monopoly. For this commission we have searched in vain; but, though we did not find the commission, we found that this is not the only instance of his inaccuracy of quotation. Therefore, till better authorities are quoted, he will allow us to entertain our doubts concerning the justness of the charge against Dr. Smith. In spite of all his quotations, and his pamphlet consists of little else, we cannot help agreeing in opinion with the historian, whom he arraigns, that, if the East India trade was open, and the revenue collected by the king's officers, the controul would be much more immediate and complete; as there would be no wheel within wheel, no enormous machine to be moved in order to come at delinquents, but the whole would be simple and uniform. At present the company, which is in many cases destitute of the necessary powers, must act first, and then the parliament, in whom the supreme controul resides, must frequently come to its aid, before any adequate remedy can be applied to some evils. How operose and difficult is this circuitous process! And yet this aspect of the affair is not the worst. The company afraid of parliamentary interference opposes every enquiry, and screens every delinquent.

The History of a French Louse; or the Spy of a New Species, in France and England: containing a Description of the most remarkable Personages in those Kingdoms. Giving a Key to the Chief Events of the Year 1779, and those which are to happen in 1780. Translated from the fourth Edition of the revised and corrected Paris Copy. 8vo. No Price. T. Becket.

Our author has made use of this little animal as a means of connecting in one book many satyrical remarks and anecdotes of a variety of personages, which without some such aid could not be brought together with even the shadow of probability; we think notwithstanding he might have made a more delicate choice. The hero received his birth on the head of a courtesan, from whence he escapes to avoid a dreadful plague which had destroyed most of his kindred; he shelters himself on the head of a clerk to the parliament of Paris, and thence removes to a countess who carried him

to court where he gets feated on the queen, but soon falls into difgrace. After different adventures he obtains a lodging on the head of Madame La Chevaliere D'Eon, on whom our hero is very fevere; ſhe brings him acquainted with Dr. Franklin.

"The day after I had been acquainted with all theſe fine anecdotes, my landlady was invited to dine at Paris, with a man of great note, who came from a diſtant part of the world, and was a miniſter plenipotentiary from a conſiderable people, who had lately raiſed the ſtandard of rebellion againſt their mother country. I was rejoiced at this opportunity of ſeeing ſo extraordinary a perſon, whom I had often heard of, and was deſirous of knowing more particularly.

"We arrived at his excellency's houſe about two-o'clock, but I was not able to diſtinguiſh him till the end of the repaſt, ſo much time was neceſſarily taken up in emerging from my retreat. However at laſt I effected it; and in order the better to obſerve him, I fallened upon a flower which adorned my fair miſtreſs's hair. By good fortune I found myſelf placed directly oppoſite to monſieur ambaffador; and here I muſt acknowledge that I was not able to forbear laughing heartily when I contemplated the groteſque figure of this original, who with a vulgar perſon and a mean appearance, affected the air and geſtures of a fop. A ſun-burnt complexion, a wrinkled forehead, warts in many places, which might be ſaid to be as graceful in him as the moles that diſtinguiſhed the ſweet face of the Counteſs of Barré. With theſe he had the advantage of a double chin, to which was added a great bulk of noſe, and teeth which might have been taken for cloves had they not been ſet faſt in a thick jaw. This, or ſomething very like this, is the true picture of his excellency. As for his eyes I could not diſtinguiſh them, becauſe of the ſituation I was in; and beſides a large pair of ſpectacle hid two-thirds of his face.

"I obſerved that the company was very merry; they laughed much, and threw out many ſarcaſms againſt meſſieurs the Engliſh. I counted only thirteen healths that were drank; and among them heard with pleaſure thoſe of the king of France and the queen my former miſtreſs, her whom I have always loved more than any other, and whom I ſhall remember as long as I live.

"Theſe thirteen healths being drank in quick ſucceſſion, encreaſed the livelineſs of the gueſts. My heroine left her ſeat to place herſelf cloſe to the maſter of the houſe, to whom ſhe ſung ſome verſes of her own compoſing, which I ſhould not have thought excellent but for that circumſtance; however they were greatly applauded. I plainly obſerved his excellency expreſs his gratitude to his Apollo by an ardent kiſs, but without quitting his ſpectacles; at the ſame time he whiſpered in her ear, *Shall it be this evening, my Goddeſs?*

"From theſe few words I gueſſed a little *teté à teté* was going forward; it was what I wiſhed for, as I ſhould have been of the party,

party, and the thoughts of it diverted me greatly. I had been a witness to many assignations of this kind; and I imagined this of his excellency and the female chevalier would be curious; but I was cruelly disappointed, and the day after this feast had like to have been the last day of my life.'

New misfortunes happen which introduces him to the famous monsieur De Beau Marchais, with whom, and Dr. Franklin we have the following dialogue:

"The next morning before we were risen, Dr. Benjamin Franklin was announced, which obliged us to leave our bed immediately; where we had begun to entertain ourselves with new reflections. These two important personages had a very interesting conference together; it was as follows:

"*Dr. Franklin.* It is absolutely necessary, my dear friend, that we should take more effectual measures, for hitherto we have done nothing; mean time the English get sailors, build ships, encrease their forces, and we are threatened with utter destruction, unless France resolves to give us the most powerful assistance.

"*Beau Marchais.* I have faithfully performed all that I have promised you: and first, you have the count d'Estaing's fleet in America, by which that of admiral Byron is blocked up.

"*Dr. Franklin.* How can you make that out? It is Byron that blocks up D'Estaing.

"*Beau Marchais.* How little do you understand of politics!—Know what I have just told you is a certain fact; and before the end of the year you will find it to be so by the consequences.

"*Dr. Franklin.* Heaven grant I may!

"*Beau Marchais.* In a second place I promised you that a new fleet should cruise in your seas; that we would threaten the English with a descent upon their coasts: this will alarm them; their fleet under the command of Hardy, will not dare to venture far. This is all you can desire.

"*Dr. Franklin.* A fine beginning truly! and what will this lead to?

"*Beau Marchais.* To maintain you in your own country: it will prevent the English from sending reinforcements to America; it will put you in a condition to reduce them by famine, and to treat them as you have already treated Burgoyne.

"*Dr. Franklin.* Heaven grant it! but, in my opinion, we should do better if, instead of a descent upon Ireland, we should send the troops now ready to embark, to Boston; and with such a reinforcement we might drive the English out of our country for ever.

"*Beau Marchais.* Well, we will think about it, provided you are reasonable. and that the Congress grants us what Sartine and I have so long been demanding.

"*Dr. Franklin.* I have engaged my word for it; this ought to satisfy you.

"*Beau Marchais.* In the third place, I promised you I would oblige the king of Spain to declare open war against Great Britain; and you see I have kept my word: can you desire any thing more?"

"*Dr. Franklin.* But we agreed that count d'Orvillier's fleet should not join a division of the Spanish fleet, for that would do us more harm than good.

"*Beau Marchais.* My dear friend, you are very short sighted; it is easy to discover that you do not see an inch beyond your nose: I will talk to you no more on this subject; but pray tell me how do you like the king of France's justification of himself to all Europe?"

"*Dr. Franklin.* I acknowledge that a bad cause cannot be better defended; but, in my opinion, it would have been wiser to have let it alone, because it will oblige the English to answer, and they have so much to say—

"*Beau Marchais.* Aye, but not with so much wit and elegance.

"*Dr. Franklin.* I think your head seems to itch very much; have you been electrified?"

"*Beau Marchais.* I amused myself a little yesterday evening in that way, and I have been indisposed all night.

"*Dr. Franklin.* We must take care of that; you know I understand something of those matters; I could shew you some curious things.

"*Beau Marchais.* If you have an inclination, I will shew you this evening some things still more curious.

"*Dr. Franklin.* With all my heart. Where? and at what hour?"

"*Beau Marchais.* I will call, and take you up at eight o'clock."

He then changes to a new master, who describes himself as passionately devoted to the study of the Belles Lettres in preference to the more profitable employment of a physician: he says,

"Poetry and the theatres delighted me; I wrote a comedy; in my judgment it was a masterpiece. I offered it to the French players, they refused to receive it; I printed it, hoping that the public would be more discerning than the comedians. My performance appeared on the counters in the booksellers shops, but nobody bought it: can you guess the reason? It was because I had neglected to pay my respects to the reviewers, and had not presented them with copies. They did not mention my play in their publication, and so the town never heard of it.

"Mean time my father perceiving that I had no inclination for his profession, was offended, and asked me positively, how I intended to gain a subsistence, since I had no fortune to depend upon?"

"I told him I was resolved to apply myself wholly to literature."

In consequence of this resolution Monsieur L—g—t recommended him to go to London, saying,

"The sovereign of the English nation, may be compared to a man who sits alone at a table with a great many dogs at his feet: some of them are favourites, and to these he distributes the bones from his plate. Others, and they are the greatest number, keep a continual

tinual barking, sometimes at the master, sometimes at those he favours, in order to have part of the good cheer. The poor man not being able to drive them out, is obliged to hear their noise; or if he would silence them, it can only be done by throwing some bones under his table to them likewise.

"The ministers," pursued L—g—t, "are seldom able to keep their places long; do you, therefore, always engage with the party that opposes them; write for that party; they have not a French writer in their pay, and you will be very acceptable to them: you will be sure of a tolerably pension immediately, which will be increased afterwards, if by the force of clamour and importunity they get the favourite ministers turned out, whose places they want to fill. By this method a man may make his fortune in England, although in France it would conduct him to the Bastille or Bistre."

In consequence of this he sets out for England, and visits the Duke of Au—b—gné, who informs him of the state of the English nation, and in confidence communicates the following letter:

"Letter from the count de V—g—nes, minister for foreign affairs, to the duke d'A—gne at London.

"As I neither can nor wish to do any thing without consulting you, my lord duke, I have sent you the plan formed by our committee, which we submit to your judgment, and intreat you to send us your observations upon it as soon as possible.

"As soon as we have made ourselves masters of the kingdom, and have got the persons of the king and queen, and all the royal family in our hands, they are to be conducted, with all the honours due to their former dignity, to Saint Germain en Lay, where they will have such a court as their revenue will enable them to maintain; and if they chuse to live in amity with the king our master, they will be received with distinction at Versailles, and at any of his country residences.

"The king our master will settle a revenue of two millions of livres upon them, which shall be duly paid every quarter.

"King George on his side, shall resign the electorate of Hanover to his son, the present prince of Wales, on those conditions: first, that this young prince shall renounce his principality of Wales, and never afterwards bear the title. Secondly, that he shall reside constantly in France, and spend the revenue of his electorate there.

"King George's other male children, after abjuring the protestant religion, shall all enter into the ecclesiastical state. The best bishopricks in France shall be given them; and the king our master will engage to procure for each of them a cardinal's hat.

"The daughters of the said king George shall be married to the French princes; and the king our master will engage to give to each a portion of two millions of livres.

"These articles concluded, in order to avoid all occasion for sedition and revolts, you are to be appointed viceroy of England, where

where a government purely monarchical shall be established, as best calculated for the happiness of the people.

"To prevent the ill designs of your enemies, you shall be empowered to bring the present ministers to a trial for high treason against the people of England, and you shall hang them all up at Tyburn, amidst the shouts and acclamations of all present at their execution.

"All the taxes at present levied in England shall be continued, till it shall please the king our master to relieve his subjects, by taking some of them off, except the duties upon French wines exported into England, it being reasonable that nations subject to the same monarch should enjoy the fruits of their respective countries.

"In order to maintain the authority of the king our master, and to secure him in the full possession of it, it must be your first care to fortify strongly the Tower of London, to cause forts to be built in it, and to put it in every respect upon the footing of the Bastille in Paris.

"Lettres de cachet shall take place in England as in France, which you are to distribute as you please, according to particular exigencies, and with your usual prudence.

"As to the article of religion, it being clear that mankind believe no longer in the superstitions of the former ages, all sects, therefore, shall be tolerated in England, with this distinction only, that such persons as are not members of the Roman church, shall be incapable of holding any employment in the state. Your grace, therefore, is entreated to give the first example of that submission to the will of him whose person you are to represent.

"In order to destroy every idea of rebellion, to preserve the interior peace of the kingdom, and to prevent all dissensions and civil broils, there shall be no more parliaments in England in the form of that subsisting at present; but there shall be separate parliaments established in the several provinces of the kingdom, in which the employments shall be set to sale, as they are in the parliaments of France.

"The business of these parliaments shall be to determine suits at law between private persons, and register merely and simply the declarations of the king upon the first requisition that shall be made.

"If they think it necessary to make any remonstrances in behalf of the people, it must not be till after the edicts have been registered; and if they presume to act contrary to this order, they shall be suppressed, the purchase money for their employments shall be confiscated for the king's use, and other parliaments shall be created, who will be more reasonable and more submissive.

"The viceroy shall appoint to all the posts, employments and governments, both civil and military; provided however that the persons whom he has nominated, shall procure his majesty's confirmation of his choice within six months afterwards.

"That there may be no longer any animosity between the two nations, nor any apparent distinction paid to one more than the other, in the publick acts that shall be made in his majesty's name,
his

his stile shall be king of England, France and Navarre; and the city of London, called his *good city*, as well as the city of Paris.

"There shall be a standing army of fifty thousand regular troops, exclusive of the militia, kept up in England; these troops are to be in readiness to march any where at the viceroy's first order. Such, my lord duke, are his majesty's designs, which we hope to carry into execution immediately upon his being acknowledged sovereign of your country. It is your part to do every thing in your power to hasten this event. You will receive by the same courier a letter from the king, filled, doubtless, with those expressions of esteem and affection, which your services and your faithful attachment to his majesty so justly merit.

I am, &c.

De V—G—NES."

On the whole this *spy of a new species* has a happy talent for ridicule, which he has bestowed pretty plentifully on the present opposition. R.

The Deserted City. A Poem. Printed for the Author, and sold at No. 3. Chapter Court, St. Paul's, 4to. 1s. 6d.

Some circumstances attendant on the efforts of genius to follow the line of an admired author, obliges us to consider more particularly the merit of the poem before us. Prejudice in favour of an original is very apt to bias the judgment against the merit of an imitation. But it is the business of Reviewers to disperse the mist of prejudice, in order to display genius while they expose dulness.

When an author is sensible of his own defects, and promises amendment, what better claim can he have for our indulgence? Therefore, before we proceed, let us attend to his letter to us, which now lies on our desk, and is as follows:

To the Editor of the London Review.

Sir,

I beg leave to present you with a poem entitled, *The Deserted City*. If you will spare your censure on the following lines, I promise amendment in the next edition. I remain, Sir,

Most respectfully,

Your obedient humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

In the Deserted Village, there were faults, so we find there are in the Deserted City. Perfection is not to be found.

But let us leave its faults, to try if we can discern its beauties : it being more agreeable to our temper to receive pleasure, than to give pain. Who would not sooner gather roses, than strew thorns.

In respect to the *sentiments* of the following extract, as they relate to party, we decline giving our opinion. Our concern is literature, not politics.

Who can behold our THAMES, his tide, in vain,
Ebbing and flowing to bring his land no gain ;
When he to Ocean speeds his daily way,
To bring whate'er that wafts without delay :
To see his vacant tides in grief return,
And disappointed hear his banks to mourn.
Who can all this behold nor heave a sigh ;
And to himself, thus sadden'd, but reply ?
'Twas not so seen of late, when ev'ry tide,
We saw our ships upon his bosom ride,
Before the wind then flew each breeze-fill'd sail,
While THAMES he strove to waft them with the gale.
His bosom rose elate with conscious joy,
To bring from Ocean, for his sons, employ.
Bales, trusses, casks, the long-neck'd crane did weigh :
The World's produce bespread our ev'ry quay.
The deep-fraught lighter, scarcely could upbear,
Above the water's edge its load of ware,
Nor scarcely seem to move—its speed so slow.
THAMES seem'd himself full well the weight to know.
The skimming wherries their wings incessant ply'd,
To waft the passenger from side to side.
The banks were tir'd with echoing the sound
Of shipwrights, anchor-smiths you heard around.
Employment's voice so variously combin'd—
No harmony so pleasing could you find.
To hear and see the good deriv'd from thence,
It cheer'd, amus'd, elated ev'ry sense
Each pause from toil to rest, mirth came between—
Joy, then, pervaded all this busy scene.
The wherry-man, he sung his water lay,
And with his oars kept time—so chearfully gay.
The sailor hail'd his land—his friends to see
Once more, alive and well, in sea-phras'd glee
How pleas'd he was his last all new to rig,
That he might with him go to see the brigg.
And when return'd, they could but see the play,

Which always would conclude the mirthful day.
 Come home, the can of grog was surely fill'd :
 While half, perhaps, was drank—the rest was spill'd—
 Such frolicks he would have with Nell and Sue,
 With Doll, and Bet, and Nan—if not with Prue.
 Thus happy while he spent his all on shore—
 And then content to hoist the sail for more.”

In perusing this Poem, we have observed many errors, which we suppose are typographical, as we perceive the printer has not in other respects done our author justice.

*Remarks on Mr. Hume's Dialogues concerning Natural Religion.
 By T. Hayter, A. M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge,
 and one of the Preachers at his Majesty's Chapel at Whitehall.*

In our Review of Mr. Hume's Dialogues on Religion was given an analysis of the work, with a brief refutation of the principal systems hazarded in it by the author.

The objections to the moral attributes of the Deity, the narrow limits of our plan did not allow us to remove in so full and copious a manner as might be wished by some people, whom a general state of arguments does not enable to penetrate a subject, and who must be led by the hand through every difficulty. This task Mr. Hayter has undertaken, and in our opinion with considerable success. We could, however, wish that, instead of frittering his subject by remarks, he had given us one luminous and simultaneous view of it, in order to efface the strong impressions made by the rhetoric of his opponent. Had he been a little more careful in guarding against the use of a few barbarous expressions and ungrammatical constructions, the reader would have come to the conclusion more prepossessed in his favour. What authority can he quote for the use of the words *insinuates*, *absorb* and *discardure*? Where is the substantive with which the participles *supposing* and *admitting* in the following sentence agree? “*Supposing*, though not *admitting*, the truth of this position, how, Philo, does it answer your present purpose? In what shape does it constitute a plea for the entire discardure of religion?” These are certainly small matters; but it is our business as Reviewers to take notice of them for the general improvement of English grammar. Most of our capital writers are in that respect justly chargeable with inaccuracy: and it is full time that we should

warn

warn our authors to avoid what is so great a reproach to our language.

The Sense of the People. In a Letter to Edmund Burke, Esq. on his intended Motion in the House of Commons, the 11th instant. Containing some Observations on the Petitions now fabricating, and the proposed Associations. 8vo. 1s. Becket.

As it belongs not to us to enquire whether the petitions presented to the House of Commons, contain the sense of the different counties at large; we shall leave such investigation to those whose immediate business it is. We would, however, wish to warn our author against raising conjectures by the fire-side, and then pompously sending them forth to the world, with "such is the sense of the people." ***

A Letter to Lord North. With Free Thoughts on Pensions and Places. 4to. 6d. Bladon.

We would recommend to our present letter writer, not to waste pen, ink and paper in any farther political correspondence; for till he grows a better politician he certainly does but lose his time in *writing* about the matter. We could not, however, be so cruel as to wish to deprive him from *thinking* on pensions and places, seeing, from his political knowledge, that he is not in a very fair way to obtain either in reality, ***

Four Letters from the Country Gentleman on the Subject of the Petitions. 8vo. 6d. Almon.

These Letters, it seems, made their first appearance in a daily paper entitled 'The London Courant', and are now to be seen in Mr. Almon's shop window; but where they will make their exit, or how long they will 'fret their tedious hour upon the stage,' time alone can tell. ***

The Republican Form of Prayer, which ought to be used in all Churches and Chapels, &c. on February the 4th, being the Day appointed for a General Fast, &c. Without his Majesty's special Command. 8vo. 1s. Baldon.

For any further account of this prayer, than that of saying it is *truly republic*, we must beg leave to refer our readers to the pamphlet itself. ***

Terms of Conciliation: or, Considerations on a free Trade in Ireland; on Pensions on the Irish establishment; and on an Union with Ireland. Addressed to the Duke of Northumberland. 8vo. 2s. Millidge.

However good our author's intentions, his abilities do not, by any means, seem calculated to promote the wished-for end. ***

Impartial Thoughts on a Free Trade to the Kingdom of Ireland. In a Letter to Lord North. Recommended to the Consideration of every British Senator, Merchant and Manufacturer in this Kingdom 8vo. 1s. Millidge.

The political knowledge of this letter-writer, appears to be on a par with that of the foregoing author of "*Terms of Conciliation*." ***

Dispassionate Thoughts on the American War. Addressed to the Moderate of all Parties. 8vo. 1s. Wilkie.

Thoughts that may, with very propriety, be called *dispassionate*. Our author recommends the recalling the troops from America, by which means he thinks Great Britain would be able to chastise the insolence of her natural enemy. This thought is certainly not new, yet the moderate and sensible manner

manner with which our author treats the subject merits commendation, ***

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the London Reviewer who signs W.

"S I R,

"To some parts of your letter I need not tire you with a reply, though it were very easy to give it. But it is absolutely necessary that I should tell you, I did not allude to any *other* Reviews than *yours*. It is amazing that you could so mistake my words. When I said, "I evidently alluded to more Reviews than one, though but one only I quoted," my meaning certainly and plainly was, more of *your* Reviews than one, though no quotation was made from any but *that* for April 1778.

"It is equally necessary that I should observe to you, that if you think by a single dash of your pen, or by two or three queries, to confute the long established principle of divine grace, without taking any more pains in the attempt, you are egregiously mistaken. Instead of leading you an endless dance, through a hundred volumes, I have brought the matter within a tolerable short compass, and referred you only to two authors for answers to your queries, who have to every man of sound understanding sufficiently answered them. This is now pointed out to the public: for what is once in print is *ipso facto* addressed to the public: they may therefore, if they please, easily see that you are already answered. If you are unwilling to compose a book in support of your own opinions, and in reply to those, who without confutation have proved that they are ill-founded, you tacitly give up the point. For my part I am not so pusillanimous, as in the least to decline the challenge which I have made. And I wonder that you can be so inattentive (to say nothing worse) as to conceive for a moment that the great points (than which none in a literary way can well be more extensive, or in a moral sense more important) of man's free agency, GOD's justice and divine grace, can be ably and properly treated in the few pages allotted to the corner of a Review. This might seem to impeach your good sense: I will, however, exercise candour, and chuse to look upon it only as a meer oversight. Can any man of learning, indeed, be ignorant that a question upon an important interesting subject may be expressed in one short period, which it may justly require fifty or a hundred pages adequately to discuss? But if you will begin at any time to answer *what has been said* by Edwards and Maclaurin upon the subject of your questions, I will again assure you, I have not the least fear to enter the lists of controversy with you. Whenever you shall oblige the world with an attempted confutation of the arguments, to which I have

have repeatedly referred you, I will not delay, I promise you, with a becoming spirit to fulfil my engagement.

"Upon a theological subject, you surely cannot possibly mean by this expression, 'if you intend to lead me into the revelations,' to preclude all recourse to the Scriptures, the grand fountain from whence we can, in these ages, and in these things, with any propriety derive our sentiments.

"As the most venerable names do not appear to attract your esteem, you will give me leave to send you to *one* whose memory you profess to revere. It is clear, from many London Reviews in past years, that the late very sensible Dr. Kenrick did maintain and defend in his Review the influence of grace. Please to look back to his own words. In the Appendix, which contains his most able critique on Soame Jenyns's View, he says; 'At the same time, if the operation of *grace* be necessary to impress the true sense and meaning of the scriptures on the mind and heart of the unconverted sinner, why should it be less necessary, as it is evidently equally expedient, to convince him of the divine origin of revelation in general? We firmly believe, admitting the reality of our author's conversion to Christianity (of which we have no reason to doubt) he is much more indebted for it to the efficacious and irresistible impulse of divine grace, than to all the pains he has taken, and the ingenuity he has exerted, in investigating the moral proofs of its divine institution.' (These words are in page 74 and 75 of the larger edition afterwards published.) With this quotation I will simply content myself, without subjoining remarks that naturally present themselves: and only add, a burlesque upon inspiration, with the contradictory term *self-inspired*, when the subject was the operation of grace from 'the Father of lights, the giver of every good and perfect gift,' argues rather a deficiency in sound sense, than is any indication of an enlarged understanding.

"It may justly be deemed matter of surprise, that you can suppose the suggestion I intimated with regard to the adopted tenets in the London Review of *necessity* had nothing to do with the subject on which I was animadverting, which was the inconsistency that has lately appeared to me in this periodical work, which by my first letter I wished (for the sake of the Review) to prevent for the future. You seem indeed frankly to acknowledge inadvertent errors may have crept into this publication; I will therefore in charity push the matter no farther. And now, Sir, if you are so pleasantly minded, you may raise a laugh, (for in some the risible muscles are mighty soon moved) and merrily essay to ridicule my charity. Without the least chagrin, I leave you to enjoy the field of scornful derision, as amply as you please. But of this I must assure you, I very satisfactorily submit the whole of my behaviour in the present case before the public. Nor am I so easily vulnerable, as to be either ashamed or afraid where truth is concerned, to defend in a suitable way, and in a proper place what I am convinced may be clearly, rationally, and scripturally established.

"I would

"I would now present my compliments to your present Editor, and return him thanks for the insertion of my letters. And am, Sir, with all due regard,

Your most obedient servant,

Roche, Cornwall, Apr. 17, 1780.

SAMUEL FURLEY.

"P. S. If you, Sir, omit to take the course I have mentioned, it is probable I may, at some future time, take the opportunity, in some treatise or discourse, to answer your queries at large, in a manner that may be thought more satisfactory than in a page or two at the end of a Review.

Answer to the above.

SIR,

When expressions are vague, I see no reason for amazement at their being misunderstood. Had there been no other Reviews than ours, your expression 'I evidently alluded to more Reviews than one,' would have been sufficiently definite. As there is, one would almost imagine you meant to be misunderstood, by not expressing yourself intelligibly.

In regard to composing a book in support of my opinion, I see no reason for it, until those who deem them erroneous have endeavoured to prove them so.

When I observed that you need not suppose but the Review would admit your answers, I meant not that the subject in itself was so limited, but that it might have place in a *corner* of the Review: My meaning was, that answers proportional to what was asked was all required, and for what the Review would find a place. But, since you justly think the matter so important as to be worthy of a more extensive discussion, so far from my *tacitly* giving up the point, I shall wait, with the greatest impatience, your answers, in what form soever they may appear, whether in pamphlet or folio.

Do not suppose I mean to preclude all reference to scripture; for, I think it absolutely necessary, it, by such reference, we can develop any mystery repugnant to common sense: I have no objection to pay the scriptures a visit, although I have to be confined or led into what I confess I never could satisfactorily understand. I experience such an awe in their company that I lose all my powers of reasoning. I wish every other person experienced this humiliation. We should not then be pestered with presuming fanatics. But it is the characteristic of ignorance to be presuming. It is therefore we have that abundance of absurdity flowing upon us from such pretending to explain what is in itself inexplicable. The dictates of infinite wisdom can never be conceived by our finite understanding. Beside, it is impiously arrogant in a reptile to presume on his having the scales to weigh and the standard to measure the laws of its Creator. There is another observation I
must

must make on our dispute, as being theological, having a necessary relation to scripture. If I rightly understand what theology means, I may be safe in saying that whatever comes under its denomination (excepting the wrangling opinions of religionists) may be more rationally discussed without scripture reference. The free agency of men (which is the basis of our argument) is not confinable by any mode of religion. It is a matter between the Creator and the creature. It is not whether this path is wrong or that path is right, but whether we have a power to chuse the right. This I consider is within the limits of natural philosophy. Therefore, when a disputed subject is within the pale of our reasoning faculty, why should we seek a labyrinth in which all human reason must be lost.

You mistake me much in supposing I do not esteem the venerable. The virtuous and sensible I shall always esteem. I, therefore, revere the man you have thought proper to quote. Although you mention him as an object for my veneration, by reason you think him not the most venerable, I beg leave to inform you that a Doctor K—— might have more right to the name than those mitred gentlemen you before mentioned. It is not the lawn nor mitre that claims my esteem unless the actions of the wearer give them lustre.

I am sorry your sound sense and enlarged understanding could not perceive that, by self-inspired, I meant that the advocates for inspiration are more indebted to their own vanity for such a belief than to the truth of such a doctrine: they would fain believe inspiration for the sake of indulging themselves in the vain chimera of their being themselves inspired.

Notwithstanding your surprise, I say again, that as far as your letter relates to my criticism, I have every right to deem impertinent your mentioning the Review having maintained the doctrine of necessity. This was the art of another, not of me. It would be as pertinent to foist into those letters, you are pleased to honour me with, every inconsistency that you may any where perceive, so that it relates to free-agency or divine grace.

You may perceive I have been, while writing this letter, particularly serious. But now, Sir, not to laugh at your *charity*, do let me enjoy the ribble. If you knew how seldom I laugh, I have that opinion of your *charity* not thinking it too great an indulgence, to laugh once in a month or two. I am much obliged to you for the cause, therefore do not be angry if I enjoy it. But, Sir, I have done. I will not laugh any more at present. Although, seldom-tasted pleasures are apt to be enjoyed in excess, my charity forbids me to enjoy longer this, as it is at the painful expence of the wounded. So that I conclude, Sir,

Your most respectful humble Servant,
W.

P. S. I shall most impatiently wait your Treatise or Discourse in answer to my queries.